JOHN BULL, week ending May 29, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1928

3D EVERY THURSDAY

LET'S TELL THE WORLD! By The EDITOR

WORST MARRIAGE MART EXPOSED

THE AXIS TRIPOD WOBBLES By A.G.G.

"Give me a nice pin stripe"

"That's my fancy in suits and when I get back to Civvy Street that will be my first choice." And what the soldier son dreams of amid the heat and sand of the desert, his dad, doing war work at home, can get simply by going along to The Fifty Shilling Tailors down town. Indeed if coupons did not limit his purchases he could select other patterns, for the best Utility Cloth offers a really wide range. A competent man would measure him, take note of his personal desires (provided he didn't want too many pockets which are now forbidden by the Government); and precisely on the day promised the new suit would be delivered. Price 95/-, for a top grade Utility suit, that is eight and five pence below the highest price allowed. The Fifty Shilling Tailors are keeping up their standards; quality cloth, stylish tailoring, good service and the lowest economic price.

We Take Care of the Customer

The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS (Props.: Prices Tailors Ltd.)

OVER 350 BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES & TOWNS

You'll feel better when you've had a Guinness . . .

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 1162.H

THE NEW RATION BOOKS

CUT OUT THIS GUIDE FOR REFERENCE

This year you will get, at one visit, your food ration book as well as your clothing book (bound together but detachable) and, if you're over 16, a new identity card. Local advertisements and posters will tell you when and where to go. It will be no use writing to the distribution Centre for your books.

WHAT TO DO

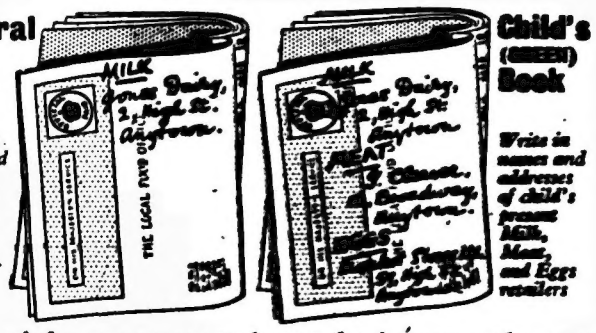
1 See that the particulars on your present identity card and the front of your present ration book are correct *and agree.* If not, take them both to the Food Office *now.* Make sure that page 38 has been properly filled in.

2 Fill in page 3 (the Reference Leaf) of your present ration book exactly as directed on that page; do not take it out.

3 Disregard the printing on page 4 (the back of the Reference Leaf) of both the General (buff) Book and the Child's (green) Book.

In the General (buff) Book write at the top of page 4 the name and address of the MILK retailer with whom you are *now* registered, that is, your *present* milk supplier. (See left-hand diagram.) On page 4 of the Child's (green) Book, write the name and address of the MILK retailer and also the names and addresses of the MEAT and EGGS retailers. (See right-hand diagram.)

Do NOT remove this leaf from the book.


General (BUFF) Book
Write in name and address of your present Milk retailer
MILK
THE LOCAL PLAN OF
Child's (GREEN) Book
Write in names and addresses of child's present Milk, Meat, and Eggs retailers
MEAT
EGGS

4 Look for announcements in your local papers, and posters in cinemas, Post Offices and elsewhere, which will tell you where and when to go for your new ration book. *It is no good going to any other place or at any other time.*

The new books and cards will be prepared and issued in alphabetical order of surnames. This will mean more than one visit if your household contains different surnames, but it will mean less waiting when you get there.

5 Do not go when it is not your turn. Your new books will not be there, and you will waste your time and other people's. And do see that your present books are properly filled in as described above.

6 Take your present ration book and identity card with you.

7 A friend can go for you *but only* at the time and place advertised for *your* surname.

8 Remember that it's no good going to any office except the one that will be shown opposite your initial in local announcements. This office will be situated in your own local food control area.

The Ministry of Food, London, W.1. Food Facts No. 150

THE SPEAKER BORED. HE TOLD THE CROWD THE WELCOME WAS DELIGHTFUL. A VOICE THEN CRIED "USE EASY, MATE, THAT CHIN OF YOURS LOOKS FRIGHTFUL"
USE EASY SHAVING STICK
Over 100 shaves in every stick!
7½D.
(INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX).
S 362-757 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

Babies first, please!

Once upon a time he was so puny, so fretful, and nothing would stay on his stomach. Mother was worried out of her life—until she tried Nestlé's Milk. Then, almost overnight, a change came about. Mother says Nestlé's was a god-send. And all because Nestlé's Milk, with its concentrated goodness of rich country milk is so prepared that the most delicate baby can digest it with ease.

Issued by Nestlé's Milk Products Ltd.

Expressions of Satisfaction

"It's a piece of Cake"

"A job well done—It was a piece of cake." Something satisfying in that.

There's always something satisfying in a piece of cake. Good, nourishing food, cake is particularly important in war time.

While it differs from the cake you bought in pre-war days, you'll find it satisfying.

A piece of Cake is satisfying

CAKE & BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS WAR-TIME ALLIANCE LTD

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 29, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

FIRE GUARD FOLLY

● Most muddled of all war measures, the Fire Guard "system" becomes steadily more chaotic, senseless and unfair.

Some district wardens are now insisting that women guards should report to their posts and "stand by" whenever the siren sounds—whether it be on their duty night or not.

No other branch of Civil Defence is expected to do so. In any case, Whitehall has had to set up a special staff to deal with the stream of protests from married women who are expected to work at full-time war jobs by day, look after homes and husbands in their "spare time," and then undertake fire guard duties.

JOHN BULL supports their case. No woman—or man—could undertake such arduous duties without risk to either health or efficiency.

Fire-fighting should be left to professionals and to trained amateurs with adequate time at their disposal. Not to partly trained women who are already working hard for the State!

Straight from the Shoulder

WORDS INTO ACTION

NEVER before has the enemy been so confused and confounded.

That will not tempt us to underrate his still massive strength. It will encourage us to strike—to strike while his forces are divided, his communications disrupted, his chief centres of arms production paralysed, and his fortifications incomplete.

Soon?

Perhaps within a few weeks the blow may fall.

Words that presage action were not lacking in Mr. Churchill's speech last week. Action that will be the mightiest and the most critical in our history. Action that needs must be swift to achieve its aim.

Unique Chance

This urgency was apparent in the Prime Minister's exposition. He hammered home point after point that often and consistently has been stressed in these columns.

By now the Allies' momentous opportunity must be plain not only to every Mr. and Mrs. John Bull, to Uncle Sam and Aunt Sadie, but to Herr and Frau Schmidt and to every signor.

We have dealt the enemy heavy body blows. We must follow with a knock-out on the chin.

Master-Stroke

He is already dizzy. Hard upon the German-Italian disaster in Tunisia has come the catastrophe of the breached German dams.

This master-stroke by the R.A.F. was not due to the suggestion of any refugee. It was the outcome of the Air Ministry's own idea that has been patiently nursed and developed for two years.

And the Air Ministry has other ideas that soon will fructify.

Italy Trembles

Fear that the "blitz" may be switched against Northern Italy is causing a rush to the doubtful "safety" of Rome.

Certainly there are easy targets in Italy—targets almost as well worth attention as the Ruhr dams—awaiting our giant bombers.

We need not doubt that Mussolini's industrial machine is about to sustain terrible havoc.

Indecision

The enemy must regard this as a certainty. But he is obviously undecided whether our main blow by land, sea and air will be aimed at the Balkans, at Italy or Western Europe—or whether we shall attack all three simultaneously.

His uncertainty has no parallel.

Offensive Delayed

We *knew* when the enemy would attack Holland and Greece and Russia. He knows that we are now about to attack, but he does not know *when* and *where*.

By fighting a hopeless battle in Greece, we delayed the attack on Russia by six precious weeks. This year, as last, new German offensives on the Eastern Front have been delayed by the Russians themselves.

Stalin Struck First

Last week a Russian army surged across the Donetz to hamper German preparations for an attack on Moscow and Stalingrad.

Other Soviet forces massed at Leningrad and Byelgorod for a drive towards Smolensk.

Another Russian summer of blood and sweat had dawned. But this time there will be titanic land battles elsewhere in Europe.

Still Strong

They will indeed be conflicts between giants. For the enemy, though caught at a disadvantage, is still strong.

Hitler has some 200 divisions left—a total big enough to impress our most wishful thinkers.

Our Forces

Germany credits us with a million and a half troops in North Africa, waiting to begin the assault on Southern Europe—though JOHN BULL thinks that some of our Eighth Army veterans should soon be brought home for a rest.

Incidentally, the successful team presided over by General Eisenhower will—with few exceptions—be kept intact for future operations.

In Britain itself, according to Sir Samuel Hoare, 6,500,000 men of the United Nations are ready to give battle.

Air Supremacy

Our air supremacy is painfully obvious to the Axis. It is augmented by a hundred bombers a day which cross the Atlantic to Britain—to say nothing of our own vast output.

Moreover, Britain's production of all kinds of weapons has been given a fillip by the North Africa triumph.

No Waste!

But still we must be on guard against waste of labour and time. We can afford to lose neither.

Man-power is not yet fully used in some war factories. It is uneconomically employed in some of the Services—and particularly the women's Services.

Too many parades, too much drilling, an unnecessary amount of militarisation are squandering the time of our women in uniform.

No War-Winning Way

They were taken from civil life to do important work.

But to post them as far away from home as possible merely clutters up our transport services. To house them in specially built hostels instead of private billets wastes precious materials. To drill them as if they were Guards recruits will not bring the war's end nearer.

Big R.A.F. Changes?

This, indeed, is the time for a last-minute survey to make sure that no "loose ends" remain in our organisation for total war.

The Army has already tightened up its vast machine. Now the R.A.F. and Allied air forces in Britain may be merged into two groups—Strategic and Tactical—on the lines of the North African experiment that so greatly helped us to "smother" Von Arnim's resistance.

Peace Feelers

Whereas the enemy is apparently concerned not only with total war but a half-hearted peace.

General Franco has been told that his attempt to save the Axis from defeat does not impress the United Nations. An effort by Italy to save herself may well be the next development.

In that respect we shall need to take care that a sudden peace in the Mediterranean would not mean the retention of Fascist rule in Italy!

Where's the Doctor?

Germany itself has an eye to the future. There is something odd in the dismissal of Dr. Schacht from the Nazi Cabinet.

For him, unlike other high personages whom Hitler has "dropped," there is neither death nor disgrace. He has simply left the Cabinet.

It was he who, before the war, was used by Hitler to gull foreign bankers and Governments. Is he going to be given a similar mission in future?

Ready for Peace

Our answer should be something more than "unconditional surrender." We must be ready to rebuild the world when the Nazi-Fascist tyranny has been crushed.

Food is needed for starving millions—as we emphasise on page 5. Not merely drugs but complete hospital services will be needed to relieve the diseases with which, as Dr. Alec Bourne has said, "Europe is reeking."

The rebuilding of transport systems, the provision of clothes and shelter and work, must be arranged well in advance of peace.

Beveridge—and More

In our own land, the close of hostilities must similarly be anticipated.

Employment for all. The Beveridge and Uthwatt reforms. The retention of the Ministry of Food. Better marketing and distribution of agricultural produce. Decent housing. Complete medical services—these need forethought and detailed planning.

Pensions Scandal

Hesitancy and compromise in such essential developments will no more satisfy our people than the Government's mean, short-sighted and fumbling attitude towards pensions.

Our Ministers have been shown that the new pensions proposals fall far short of public demands. They would be wise to realise that in this, as in other matters, ordinary men and women will not consent to be fobbed off with a widow's mite.

The Right View

Mr. Eden is right to declare that "to win the peace requires as strong and concerted a national effort as to win the war—and we must win the peace this time."

Win it we shall—as certainly as, in General Smuts' words, we beat a great army to pulp in North Africa, and thereby achieved one of the most wonderful things in history.

Good leadership, good will, good planning, can bring us greater wonders in the months yet to come.

(Continued overleaf)

FIRE WATCHERS!

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.

A FREE AIR RAID POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

This Policy provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Continued from preceding page

MR. GEORGE HICKS, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works and Planning, tells us that railings have been taken from 3,000,000 houses.

He says he imagines there have been 3,000,000 complaints against this awful "scorched earth." Mr. Hicks is wrong.

Now, Mr. Hicks

We don't complain about losing our railings. We don't complain about giving up the things the Forces need most. What we do complain about is seeing our efforts wasted by public servants and professional idlers.

Let's remind Mr. Hicks about Hackney Marshes, a fine place for his Ministry to start some planning. . . .

Buried Wealth

At Hackney Marshes, it is reported, tons of precious metal are being buried at the L.C.C. War Débris Depot. From the country's 3,000,000 railings the authorities got iron.

Every day fifty or sixty lorries have been taking much more vital metal to Hackney and tipping it away. Zinc tanks, copper tubing, valuable brass fittings are said to have been buried—just to raise the level of the marshes.

Nobody's Baby

The stuff comes from London's bombed buildings. A reporter, seeing all the things we're asked to save being thrown away, asked the L.C.C. about it.

"We're not the only ones using the dump," they said. "And, anyway, our men can't be watching all the time. People should play the game."

Mystery Reason

The Ministry of Supply said: "Ring up the Directorate of Salvage."

The Directorate of Salvage said: "There's a good explanation, but we can't give it to you. Ring up the London Regional Commissioner's Office."

Buried Salvage—"No" to New Houses—Fine Time for Rich Racegoers

The Regional Commissioner's Office wanted the matter referred to the Home Office, and the Home Office, serene and complacent as ever, said the L.C.C. were the proper people to look into the complaint.

Deadlock at Last

"And that," as you feel at the pictures, "is where we came in."

It is true that Mr. Hicks has said in the House that he "connot substantiate" the reports about this dump, but a full and official inquiry will be needed to allay public concern.

And an "Assurance"

When he visited Northampton the other day to start a county scrap metal drive, they told him dumps had been waiting months for collection.

He replied in true Parliamentary style by giving an assurance that in the coming drive "attention would be paid" to all these dumps.

At the Races

On the day that Mr. Hicks talked about railings there was more news of waste that no one seems able to stop.

Hundreds of special 'buses were being run to the dog tracks; 10,000 people cluttered up the railway station at Ascot; and the "war-winners" were paying 32s. 6d. a half-bottle for champagne on the course. They had chicken and lobster snacks, too, for 4s. 6d. a time.

No Beano

The racegoers paid willingly. Careful housewives, asked 6s. per lb. for French beans when they went shopping that same evening, saved their money *and helped the country.*

These little sacrifices are only irritating when you see others scorning them. JOHN BULL readers are getting very angry about the people who think it's smart to sneak through the rules.

In the Know

When dress shops sell garments they have to tell customers that their workrooms are not allowed to make luxury alterations.

But there's always the woman who says, "I know where I can get it done"—and inevitably she does get it done. Being in the know, she tells the shop assistant: "You needn't put hooks and eyes on I know a firm that will fit zipp fasteners for me."

Rich Dodge

Sometimes it's the shop assistant who knows the way round. A man went into a famous West End store the other day and bought a dozen collars. He didn't like to carry them away unwrapped. So the salesman suggested sending them by post.

When they arrived the law had been broken well and truly. The collars were in a cardboard container and each one was wrapped in tissue paper.

Best Seller

Amid all this petty waste the new ration books stand out as precious time-savers. Since distribution of the new books started ten days ago, the Ministry of Food has had a lot of congratulation from shopkeepers and customers.

Shopkeepers like the new book because they can cancel coupons for meat, eggs, fats, cheese, bacon and sugar with one stroke of the pencil.

Staggered

Distribution of the books will be staggered in alphabetical order and spread over the weeks up to the middle of July.

The idea is to do away with hundreds of sub-offices and save staff.

Will it also save war-working wives from one more queue?

Weighing-in

Having arranged the rations the Ministry of Food is now trying to find out how they suit you. Housewives and workers at Northampton, Ilford and Hackney are to be asked to have themselves weighed at the chemists' every three months.

Records will be sent to the Ministry, where experts will discover whether our diet is doing us good.

Start Big

These little schemes are all right, but we'd still rather have a bigger health scheme—starting with housing.

We'd rather hear that a hundred families had been given decent homes than that every man, woman and child in the country was going to be weighed every Friday night.

Too Particular

And, in the meantime, we would like to hear that the Rural District Council of Bakewell, Derbyshire, has changed its mind about housing.

The Council has refused to build ten cottages—its share of the 3,000 promised for farm-workers.

Farmer members of the Council complain that the Ministry of Health's specifications include concrete flooring, walls and staircases. And that the cottages would be too cold in winter.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- The Nazi Emergency Organisation, created to deal with the effects of air raids, has completely broken down in the Ruhr.
- **The floods upset all special plans and the responsible Gauleiters were powerless to cope with the administrative chaos.**
- *Troops called to the flooded districts passively watched the outbursts by the frantic population and didn't intervene during violent anti-government demonstrations.*
- One important result of Nazi man-power shortage is big reduction of censorship staffs—which is how valuable and up-to-date news is now filtering through to Allies.
- **India's war production now challenges Britain's. Among 20,000 listed manufactures is included finest aluminium and twenty-four times as many shells as last year.**
- *To speed up feeding of starving Europe after invasion, large quantities of nourishing dehydrated foods are ready crated for shipment. Big proportion is the concentrated K ration designed for parachutists.*
- International Tangier zone seized by Spain after French collapse may soon return to headlines. General Giraud has reserved his country's rights there and warned Franco against anti-French behaviour.
- **Loss of Tunis has dashed Hun hopes of nearly 1,000,000 tons of phosphates on which they were relying for a good harvest. Lost, too, 400,000 tons of fruit—which will probably come to Britain.**
- *The British blockade of Germany is having a better effect than was ever hoped. Tens of thousands of tons of sneak blockade runners have been intercepted and destroyed.*
- Germany is now completely cut off from the sources of a dozen indispensable war materials, the reserves of which are slowly coming to an end.
- **A new Nazi peace offensive is on the way. Italy is being used as a lever to entice the Allies into conversations with the Axis. German advisers are directing "operations" in Rome.**

- **An officer in the Merchant Navy has complained bitterly to JOHN BULL over the mix-up in sending mail to his ship. "In fifty-six weeks," he says, "we have received mail covering a period of only about three weeks. We're getting desperate because we know from cables that the folks at home are writing. The authorities will have to do something about it."**

He's right there. But he's very wrong when he goes on to say: "Even freedom of speech is denied us. I expect when you get my letter it'll be censored till it looks like a paper d'oyley."

Not a single word was cut out.

Won't Give In

They wouldn't be as cold as some of the leaking hovels in which people have had to live for many a winter now.

The Derbyshire War Agricultural Committee says Bakewell definitely needs these ten cottages. But the local officials won't give in.

They ought not to be so particular in war time. And they ought to send someone along to the Cement and Concrete Association.

There, they'd learn how some of our modern "palaces" have been built with concrete floors and ornamental concrete stairways.

Expected Inspectors

Parliamentary critics of conditions in the Services are getting some miserable answers.

One comes from the War Minister, Sir James Grigg. Talking of the case of Rifleman William Clayton, he said that authorities in charge of military detention camps are always warned before inspectors come to visit them.

What fine inspections they must be. How nice and tidy the camps will appear. Or is that being unpleasantly suspicious?

Old Army Custom

If so, Independent member Tom Driberg shares our suspicions.

And the War Minister was indignant. "If you're suggesting that inspectors are having the wool pulled over their eyes, I can emphatically disagree with you," he said.

But he couldn't see any chance of changing this pleasant old Army custom.

Surprise 'em

That is a pity because there's only one way to see that Commanding Officers obey the orders of a War Office that has generally become humane and understanding.

That way is to surprise them at their old-fashioned tricks.

We of JOHN BULL know that if all commanding officers acted towards their men as the War Office expects them to act, grouses would be very few.

But they don't. And they won't—till they're caught out.

Cause to Complain

This is the sort of nonsense that goes on unless someone makes a fuss:

"The Army Commander has recently had cause to complain that the saluting of his car by officers and men of the 12th Corps has been unsatisfactory.

"It is proposed, therefore, to have on frequent occasions two military police-men following on motor cycles. They will take the names of any offenders for disciplinary action."

That was in Orders not so long ago.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the EDITOR

LET'S TELL THE WORLD!

AS the prospects of victory grow brighter, so does it become more urgent to give the world an Allied "design for living" in the first years of peace.

The United Nations have gone far in the study of the stupendous problems which must then be solved. But not nearly far enough in broadcasting their plans to do so!

Here is a gap in propaganda policy which ought to be filled at once.

For Dr. Goebbels is taking advantage of our reticence to warn Europe in general, and the German people in particular, that the alternative to an Axis triumph must be world chaos.

This is political warfare of the most dangerous kind. It plays upon the obvious and reasonable fears of hundreds of millions of war victims.

In enemy countries and in enemy-occupied territory, the masses fear for the future as well as the present.

The Germans, recalling the bleak hunger to which they were condemned long after the 1918 armistice, fear lest a still worse fate befall them should they surrender in this vaster conflict.

The peoples under the German heel dread famine and pestilence because their countries have been ravaged, their crops, cattle and machinery largely commandeered, and their capacity to produce the necessities of life most grievously impaired.

We must do our utmost to dispel these fears—not only to bring some comfort to the oppressed, but also to serve our own cause.

FOR nothing could serve it better than to convince the war-stricken world, friend and foe alike, that an Allied victory will speedily put an end to its worst privations.

It is true that our leaders have proclaimed their resolve to rush help to liberated territories. And the Atlantic Charter pledges the United Nations to fight want wherever it exists.

But JOHN BULL maintains that our good intentions ought to be put into a plain and simple message which could be "plugged" incessantly by every means of publicity to all parts of the earth.

At this moment our own propaganda experts should make the utmost of what the Allies are actually doing to relieve the peoples of liberated Africa.

For we are doing a great deal, and doing it well.

The Tunisian victory left us with eighteen million people to care for in a vast and much despoiled area.

The Allies did not shirk their responsibility. As Mr. Mabane recently said in the House of Commons, Great Britain has had to go short of grain herself in order to release cargoes for Africa.

We wasted no time.

Within a few days of our occupation the bread ration in Tunisia was doubled, vegetable supplies assured, and the first batch of tinned milk distributed to the children.

Governor Lehman, head of the American Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation, and Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, his "opposite number" here, had been making their plans far ahead of the event.

Hundreds of thousands of tons of foodstuffs and medical supplies had been shipped to North Africa, and were rushed from storage immediately fighting ceased.

And now the North Africa Economic Board, a joint organisation of British and American economic and military experts, is steadily going ahead with the gigantic task of feeding, clothing and rehabilitating the great multitude released from Nazi bondage.

This is in itself a fine achievement.

It is also a guarantee of the United Nations' resolve—and ability—to tackle the immensely greater task of feeding and clothing and caring for all Europe when that Continent is also freed.

And it is a story to tell the world.

Let the peoples of all occupied territory—and of enemy countries, too—know what we are doing for Africa, so that they may be assured of what we mean to do for them directly the opportunity occurs.

Already the Allied planning experts are looking far beyond the immediate relief of famished population to global economic reconstruction. But food must come first.

The representatives of 43 Allied Countries are meeting at Hot Springs, Virginia, to survey the world's food resources and requirements.

President Roosevelt, in his message to this assembly, said truly that freedom from fear is impossible unless freedom from want be first assured.

"The United Nations must see to it," he said, "that no hindrances, whether of international trade, of transportation or of internal distribution, be allowed to prevent *any nation or group of citizens within a nation* from obtaining the food necessary for health."

Thus we have three big plans proceeding: the practical help now being given in North Africa, the promised relief to all occupied countries, and a blue-print for future reorganisation.

Unfortunately the United Nations have no Propaganda G.H.Q. All of them are agreed in principle to pool their plans and their resources for the betterment of the world.

But we wish it were possible for the Big Four —Britain, America, Russia and China—to make a joint pledge in the names of their respective leaders—to accomplish their aim at all costs and at the earliest possible moment.

Such a declaration would blast the dams of Goebbels' propaganda reservoirs and flood the earth with new hope and new courage.

At Hot Springs there is taking place, in the words of Mr. Richard Law, leader of the British delegation to the conference, "the first concerted attempt by the free peoples to lay the groundwork of the post-war world."

This conference is drawing up plans for the mobilisation of the earth's total resources of food and raw materials.

Everybody knows that they have never been adequately met hitherto. Hundreds of Asiatic millions have existed on the edge of famine. Even in the richest countries of Europe and the New World, we have suffered great numbers of the population to live under-nourished in dire poverty.

It is also clear that man's folly and selfishness are at the root of all scarcity. For the earth *can* be made to yield ample for all its inhabitants.

BRITAIN has done much to prove this last contention for, since the war began, our farmers and farm hands have raised production to the highest level in the world.

If we can achieve such results by our own efforts in the midst of total war, how vastly greater must be the potential of the United Nations, working to a common plan when peace returns to the world through their victory.

The problems of economic reconstruction, as we have said, go far beyond an immediate "share-out" of essential food, clothing and medical supplies.

They involve the abolition of all the old hindrances to international trade, transportation and distribution of which the President spoke

This is "A Time for Greatness." All the oppressed peoples of the earth; all war's innocent victims, look to the United Nations for salvation.

Let us, then, lighten their darkness by making plain what we are planning for their relief, and what we hope to accomplish for the benefit of all mankind.

More Frustrated House-Hunters

JOHN BULL *has already shown how thousands of London homes stand empty at the height of the worst housing shortage of all time.*

Now, in a further effort to get action out of a complacent Minister of Health, we give this special correspondent's picture of housing conditions in a typical dormitory town near London:

I FOUND much to make my blood boil in Ware, Hertfordshire, twenty miles from London.

For here is a council that could go a long way to solving its housing problems with a little help from Whitehall.

Frustrated house-hunters pour in a steady stream on Councillor A. B. Swain, chairman of the local housing committee.

★ ★ ★

Several called while I was interviewing him—one the father of five children.

"I've got the addresses of two houses nobody is using," he said. "Do you think I could get one of them?"

But he could be given little hope. Even if the council could get its hands on these houses there are hundreds of houseless people with a better right to them than he.

Only a day or two before a father of ten children had called. His children had to lodge at three different houses in the town. He maintained that billeting them had already cost the authorities £391 of public money.

★ ★ ★

He, too, talked of empty houses he had seen. It could make little difference.

Like many another town, Ware can just do nothing about those vacant homes.

Some of the largest in the district are held by big London business houses—"in case of eventualities."

If the continuous blitz wasn't a big enough "eventuality," one wonders what will be.

Just to prevent anybody requisitioning them, they have caretakers living in them—people who could surely be better employed helping the war effort than huddling over a fire.

Then Councillor Swain showed me a letter from the Ministry of Health which represented the end of an effort to get possession of smaller houses in which people have left their furniture as protection.

In brief, it told the council that it had no right to seize such premises—that people have every right to keep their houses furnished while living somewhere else.

But surely other people have rights—the right, for instance, to have one home before other people have two?

Some local houses have to be used for the storage of furniture, which seemed to Councillor Swain to be gross waste of good living accommodation.

He wondered about a place of worship in the district. It has seating for two hundred, but its six services a year are rarely attended by more than twenty people.

★ ★ ★

But he found you can't ask a place of worship to take in furniture because you "mustn't encourage the enemy to make a target of churches." As though he needed any encouragement!

And as for requisitioning—although it didn't arise in this case—you cannot requisition ecclesiastical property.

So once again we tell Mr. Ernest Brown: "There are houses for hundreds of thousands up and down the country—if you will only get a move on"

OPEN LETTERS

Vice-Admiral LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, Chief of Combined Operations

DEAR LORD LOUIS,—The day approaches, may indeed have already dawned by the time these words are read, when the final Allied assault on Hitler's Fortress Europa will begin.

The pulse of the nation quickens at the thought. The darkest days seem over, and now we look ahead in good heart to that complete victory for which so much has been sacrificed and expended.

I am no military expert or strategist, but I imagine that your command, trained to the second, tough, ruthless and efficient, will be the spearhead of the assault.

For nearly three years specially selected men of the Navy, the Army and the Marines have been preparing for their last and greatest adventure. Royal Air Force Servicing Commandos will play their part. And behind them are Special Troops whose allotted tasks are highly secret.

Mr. Churchill in his recent broadcast from Washington referred to the testing time ahead when our armies are in deadly grapple on the Continent.

Your men are waiting, tense and expectant, for that battle.

Their grim and glorious exploits in France, in Scandinavia, in Madagascar, in North Africa, prove their worth.

They cracked tough nuts at St. Nazaire, at Lofoten, at Vaagso, Bruneval, and fought like furies in the Dieppe raid.

The story of their expeditions, so admirably told in "Combined Operations," thrills me beyond measure.

They are the élite of the forces of Democracy, and it is fitting that they should be in the van when the final struggle for the liberation of enslaved Europe is waged.

Their stealthy, silent raids on enemy coastlines keep Nazi garrisons in a state of jitters. They never know where or when your "black-faced devils" will strike.

And just as the swiftness and secrecy of the blows of your command panic German crack defence forces, so, I hope, will those grander, more crippling blows already decided on by Allied leaders, panic the Axis dictators.

To strike without mercy, to stamp out the enemy as an evil, accursed thing, to fight with a silent determination—those are the qualities which you have instilled in the hearts of your men.

The Germans tried to laugh off your "Red Indian" raids. They're not laughing now.

And when the Commandos get cracking "over there," the only laughter on the Continent will be the laughter of people who have been freed from the bonds of Nazi tyranny.

God speed your men on their last and greatest task.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—The Finance Bill, now being discussed by Parliament, remedies some injustices, ignores others.

Income tax allowances for housekeepers have been introduced and allowances for dependent relatives increased.

But nothing has been done to improve the lot of the widow who has no housekeeper.

Probably she has a son, or sons, in the Forces, and is doing all she can to keep together a home for them to come back to.

The soldier's wife gets from the Government an allowance exempt from tax. Usually she can earn a good deal more than a widow before becoming liable for tax at all.

Many such widows lost their husbands in the last war. Their pensions are taxable; their tax allowances are on the lowest scale of all.

The Budget is not yet law. I appeal to you, before it is too late, to remove this gross injustice.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. B. MALIM, Saffron Walden, Essex

DEAR SIR,—Your record as an educationist entitles you to speak with some authority on the subject of "Education in Empire."

You told the Royal Empire Society a few days ago that the great mass of the people in Britain did not know that the British Commonwealth was a league of nations . . . and that many people were genuinely surprised if told that Britain did not own Canada or Australia.

I can neither accept nor challenge that statement, because neither you nor I nor anybody else can say with certainty just what proportion of the nation is so abysmally ignorant.

The Empire to-day is making history, not teaching it. And the virtues of Empire brotherhood have never been better exemplified than in the past few years.

If the Commonwealth can instil that spirit into other nations the justification for its being can never be doubted. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. TOM O'BRIEN, T.U.C. General Council

DEAR SIR,—I don't know whether you are a visionary or a man of action. But I do know that you appreciate possible post-war developments so far as the man in the street is concerned.

"The use of leisure," you say, "must be cultivated, because in a few years leisure will occupy most of the people's time."

All of us will appreciate leisure after the years of personal struggle and sacrifice.

But before that Utopian existence you visualise becomes a reality, and not a dream, years of social reform and effort must be devoted to its coming.

Fight the good fight for that leisure. The nation has earned it.—JOHN BULL.

CHURCH'S BAD FOUNDATION

NEARLY every morning I pass a large, many-windowed house, standing in its own grounds, and often, as I do so, there comes to my mind the phrase "Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

That house is a vicarage. And the net income of the vicar is just under £10 a week. I know that, because every clergyman with a living has his income published in works of reference.

I often wonder how he manages to keep that big house going. He has children. There are rates and taxes, there are servants. He and his wife have certain social obligations to maintain.

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

You may think £10 a week net and a house thrown in are ample recompense. You may also think that the job is easy. I don't.

But that living is probably envied by less fortunate clerics, some of whom are expected to exist on about £5 a week.

Nearly 3,000 incumbents—a quarter of the total in England—get £350 or less a year. Now a Commission of the Church Assembly proposes that every Church of England vicar should be assured of at least £400 a year.

"The position of many clergymen," reports the Commission, "is almost intolerable owing to rising prices, increased taxation and other causes."

★ ★ ★

Reference is also made to "many hidden tragedies in clerical life" due to restrictions in some cases centuries old.

Economically, the Church is ill-organised and ill-run. Some vicars get £1,000 a year or more for leading quiet, carefree lives in the pleasant setting of the countryside. Others get a third of that income for struggling and toiling amid the squalor and grime of industrial parishes.

Family influence and social standing are factors which help to decide who gets the plums. Some fat livings are in the gift of patrons; some livings stay in the same family for generations.

The pay of many clergymen is a motley of money. Queen Anne's Bounty, tithe redemption, acres of glebe, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, fees, pew rents, Easter offerings, and other sources, all have their part in this weird financial structure.

Economic reform of the Church is long overdue.

A poorly paid clergyman is a worried man. It is his job to help others in trouble, and the least the Church can do is to free him from money cares.

★ ★ ★

It can be done. All income, from whatever source it comes, should be paid into a central fund which would act as a sort of Church pay office.

Individual incomes should be stabilised. Old, rambling, expensive-to-run vicarages and rectories should be replaced by smaller houses. There should be grades of income, in much the same way that teachers' wages are graded.

Provision should be made for salaries to increase as a cleric grows older and faces family responsibilities.

Then when the Church has set its own house in order it can get on with the bigger task of meeting the spiritual needs of the country.

Mr. RICHARD COPPOCK, National Federation of Building Trade Operatives

DEAR SIR,—I am glad that in a recent speech you referred to the problem of the machine—"the first consideration in production, and not the human being."

Frankly, the growth of the machine alarms me. It is a hungry colossus, ever anxious to extend its dominion over man, and an ever-present threat, unless it is properly controlled, to economic stability.

After the war the world will be deluged with machines. War has so speeded up production and output that the potential of the machine has increased beyond computation.

The machine must be harnessed so that its activities are directed along the right channels.

Those channels should lead not to excess profits, not to economic stagnation or to idleness and misery, but to the pooling of man's comfort and happiness and well-being.—JOHN BULL.

Sir BECKWITH WHITEHOUSE, President, British Medical Association

DEAR SIR,—Women in uniform are doing fine work to-day. Women in slacks are toiling in their thousands on 'bus and railway systems. Hundreds of thousands more speed-up the war effort in factories and workshops.

In many ways women have justified their claim to be men's equals. They have been accepted as such in some walks of life and industry.

But your profession, which should be one of enlightenment and vision, steadfastly refuses to open the doors of medicine to women on the same terms as men.

Many able women, particularly fitted to be trained as doctors, are excluded from medical schools because these voluntarily run institutions are steeped in obsolete traditions of sex inequality.

In some London medical schools only 5 per cent. of the students are women!

The needs of the nation are more important than the pettiness of man-controlled institutions. You, and other leaders in the medical world, should strive to purge a noble profession of a stupid ban which can be neither justified nor excused.—JOHN BULL.

Our Super-Blunder Ships Cost This . . .

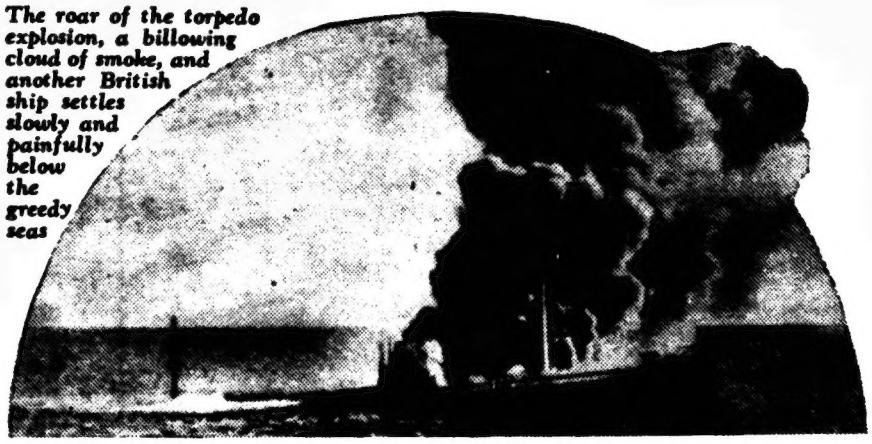
★ When we needed fast freighters the experts gave us luxury liners or doddering tramps. And our Merchant Seamen paid for the mistakes—with their lives

FORGOTTEN MEN OF THE SEA—No. 2

★

By WARREN ARMSTRONG

Late Engineer Officer (Merchant Navy)



The roar of the torpedo explosion, a billowing cloud of smoke, and another British ship settles slowly and painfully below the greedy seas

FOUR men—Captain, second mate, Chief and second engineers in an ancient British tramp—sat around a rickety bamboo table. They were drinking the local equivalent of beer in the Beer Convent, a place of great renown in a certain South American port.

The date was March, 1938. And the men were talking of ships and seamen. . . .

"We'll make the Mersey," the Old Man said, "in time to see 'em launch the new *Mauretania*."

"Ah'm wondering," the old Chief butted-in. It a' depends on ma engines, y'ken!"

Liners or Tramps?

The Old Man grunted: "Too much of a pessimist, that's what you are, mister. But, anyway, I'd rather have six small, fast freighters than half a dozen liners.

"There was a time when Britain had more ships than parish churches, but the Government seemed to regard 'em as strange things and seamen as necessary evils. And the result of it all is that in *these days, one British seaman in every four registered in U.K. ports is on the beach looking for work.*

"To my mind, ships like this new *Mauretania* 'll never pay their way. It'd be a damn sight better in the country's interests if we had one hundred new freighters, medium size, to every pound they spend on ocean-going white elephants!"

Nobody disputed with the Old Man. He was speaking at a time when Britain's weakest point was her Merchant Navy.

The Government then had done a lot of flag wagging—"knock-kneed propaganda" it was—about Atlantic superliners when all the time we needed hundreds of new FAST freighters. War was round the corner. Ships were vital; small, fast ships.

When the old freighter arrived in the Liverpool River, the Old Man spoke with someone who realised Britain's peril, and who wasn't scared to say what he thought—the late Lord Lloyd.

And as they stood together watching the new Cunarder race down and take the water, Lloyd said: "I can't help wishing that there were less ships like her and a thousand smaller at sea, and another thousand on the stocks!"

2,000 Short

He knew the country was short of 2,000 freighters, in the 1,500 to 5,000 ton class, without which our lifeline could never be maintained. . . .

A freshening breeze across the river mouth carried a smudge of smoke away towards the docks.

The big freighter swung slowly, blared a strident "So long!" and steamed into the West to take her station in convoy. On her bridge were the Old Man and the second mate.

Down in her steel belly were the Chief and second engineers. She was a new ship, of the type Government experts call "fast"—a 15-knotter.

It was a madly mixed convoy, which can be anybody's headache. Slow movers steamed flat-out to maintain station; faster ships were forced to reduce speed in order that they might stay with the main body.

Captains, mates and engineers nursed them as a rider with good hands "feels" his horse. But it came as no surprise when a U-boat wolfpack sought them out and attacked.

The first victim was the 15-knotter, which had been straggling alongside a genuine antique, belching smoke and all out at about one-fifth the speed of the victim. *And convoys have been sighted thirty-five miles away by the smoke of slow-movers. . . .*

As his ship settled by the stern the Old Man mustered his men on the boat deck. There were six dead, down below in scalding steam, and a fireman with a jagged hole where his nose should have been was laughing.

The Old Man was last to leave. For nearly fifty hours the lifeboats drifted.

But they were lucky. Out of the heavy sea mist a destroyer loomed like some gift from God.

As they climbed wearily aboard, the Chief engineer took a look over the frothing grey waste of water.

Came in at 15

"Y'ken yon ship was rated as 'fast,'" he said. "Her engines were no s' bad, as engines go. Ah aimed at boosting 'em up tae th' fu' 15 knots, an' she answered well. *But that damned Hun came in, ah raick'n. at aboot* 15, *'hammered' us, an' got awa' at a cool* 20, *or ah'm a liar!*"

But the Chief was no liar. He knew what he was talking about. He knew that an alleged "fast" freighter at 15 knots was nothing but chick-feed to the latest U-boat pirates with their swift vessels. . . .

Four men—the captain, second mate, Chief and second engineers—waiting another ship, sat around a solid oak table in a waterfront hotel somewhere in Britain. And this is how the conversation went:

"'Twasn't so long ago," the second mate was saying, "that we were told by the Admiralty that 'one-third of all new tonnage afloat and under construction is of the fast type of merchant ship.'

"So far, *not* so good, eh? Because 15 knots isn't fast, anyway. And, unless you send 15-knotters sailing in convoy with nothing but 15-knotters, where the hell's the sense in *building* 'em? Won't somebody tell me?"

The second engineer was puzzled, too. "Can *you* tell *me*," he asked, "why the people who are supposed to direct Britain's shipbuilding programme decided on 8 to 10 knots as 'standard speed'?"

The Old Man plugged the dottle in his pipe and joined in: "And why," he asked, "permit two-thirds new construction with *slow* speed, and one-third only with moderately higher speed?"

"Wait a minute . . ." he said, as the Chief engineer opened his mouth, ". . . wait a minute, Chief. Some folk say there's a 'post-war angle' to be taken into account."

"But Britain's a sea nation and she knows—and knew before—the value of fast ships. She knows they'll be needed to meet the competition which'll be intenser than ever after we've won."

"So what might this official 'angle' be? I reckon, mister, nobody knows, 'cept the 'anglers'!"

I can supply the gist of the remainder of the talk. It went this way: Our campaign against the U-boat came dangerously near being a failure. The seamen, and you and I, the taxpayers, got what the "experts" asked for.

Ten-knot merchant ships, with 10 knot escorting corvettes can't even hope to elude or catch 19 and 20 knot U-boats. The average British seaman was well aware of that fact long, long months ago.

But it made no difference to what the "experts" thought—and did!

Their Dread

The seaman to-day knows full well that the fruits of official repentance have taken more than three years to mature, and the seeds of 1937, '38, '39 and '40—AND 1941!—taste bitter as aloes to the men who work the ships.

In the three years just before the war, British seamen watched the pick of the world's cargoes going to foreign ships which even in those days had a service speed of 17 knots. Their own ships were forced to depend on odds and ends of the world's freight market.

And to-day he visualises, with ice-cold anger, the sight of British rivers and estuaries jammed tight with laid-up, rusting shipping, and officers and men looking for elusive work.

In the meantime, there are jobs to do—dangerous, nerve-racking, hard jobs.

I saw the Captain, second mate, Chief and second engineer off the other day. They sailed together in an 8-knot superannuated tramp.

U.S. WOMEN ARE WITH US

MISS AMERICA and Mrs. America, too, are marching to war.

Actually, they stepped off on a firm right foot long before their Government interceded.

Looking as neutral as they could, they devoted half a million of their number to British war relief.

★ ★ ★

They sent us more than a thousand vehicles for our war time welfare organisations—among them whole convoys of food flying squads, each capable of carrying everything 4,000 blitzed people needed to eat and drink.

They supplied thousands of our evacuated children with clothes—and many times more British shipwrecked mariners with complete rescue kits.

Mobile pharmacies, libraries, entertainments units (including mobile theatres convertible to chapels), bath-houses on wheels, canning plants, touring citizens' advice bureaux—they gave us all these.

Even 90 tons of seeds—and you have to be a gardener who has bought minute fractions of an ounce in a seed packet to know what a single ton means.

They poured their love and affection on us in very practical form before Pearl Harbour.

And since they have risen to grimmer tasks.

America has 65,000,000 women. They can no more rush into national service simultaneously as we could have done here in those early days of the war.

But all our own willingness is there.

They have their spectacular women leaders, just like ourselves.

Nancy Harkness Love leads their W.A.F.S. (equivalent of our W.R.A.F.) at twenty-eight. But she's an expert "blind" flier.

Then the C.-in-C. of the American A.T.S. is Oveta Culp Hobby, a bright and breezy thirty-seven—and mother of two children. Mildred McAfee, aged forty-four and a very broadminded and sisterly college president, heads the Auxiliary Naval Service.

Even at the time of Pearl Harbour there were 2,250,000 women enrolled in the Red Cross—mainly for relief work. Some 2,000,000 knitted garments and made surgical dressings—71,000,000 of the latter last year!

This movement alone had 26,604 women in its motor corps—which, tyres being precious, used horsewomen for many jobs.

★ ★ ★

Scores of thousands of women have mastered the technique of emergency feeding. It won't be long before nearly all the country's 98,000 eligible nurses are enrolled by the Red Cross. And, anyhow, there are already 30,000 nursing aides waiting to help them.

Among countless other services, we might imitate the famous Gray Ladies' Corps—grey because they are white-haired. The 9,000 of them do a great job cheering hospital patients by reading and writing letters for them and playing table-games with them at their bedsides.

★ The bursting of the Ruhr dams has been Germany's worst internal injury. Yet it is but one incident in the remorseless "softening up" blows under which the Reich is reeling

Down they go, whistling towards the industrial heart of Germany — and ten thousand tons of them have been dropped in a single month to disprove Goering's boast that the Reich would never be bombed

RAF Makes Germany Bomb-Drunk

AS the fourth year of total air war roars to its climax, something is happening inside Germany that baffles the imagination.

We *know*, surely and in detail, how the Reich reeled under 10,000 tons of bombs delivered within a single month.

Some of our knowledge comes from R.A.F. photographs. Some from "MEW," the Ministry of Economic Warfare, with whom the Air Ministry works in its war of attrition on German war industry.

More is obtained from secret sources—and from the disillusioned Germans themselves.

Their defensive and relief measures were inadequate to soften the blows, as one of many homely but significant incidents shows.

"We got hold of a letter giving a good idea of life in some German cities," an Air Ministry spokesman informs me.

"The writer, a bombed-out German woman, was accommodated in a mass rescue centre and then allotted an empty three-roomed flat to share with another woman and family of five.

"A certificate entitled her to buy furniture for a bed-sitting room. In three days she secured only a mattress and a cover.

"She couldn't buy a bed or any vessel to wash in, so slept on the floor and washed in a bucket obtained by barter.

"Yet when she tried to get back to the mass rescue centre, she was refused as already 'suitably accommodated.'"

Hapless Victims

In Munich, tension is such that men and materials, despite the shortage of both, have been allocated for building partitions in flats and houses where evacuees are billeted.

These hapless victims of the total air war Hitler started are now numbered by the million.

Some of the bombs aimed at vital targets inevitably fall on adjoining homes in which largely live workers on whom the factories depend, though *the R.A.F. does not terror-bomb.*

"I've never heard the words 'civilian morale' mentioned in any discussions on target plans here," a "MEW" official tells me. "We never count on it cracking.

"It's the physical effect that matters: the man forced to be late in getting to his job or idle, the interrupted electricity, gas, water, and other services.

"This paralysing effect of our air power is bringing nearer the opening of the Second European front. And it is forcing the enemy to devote an enormous part of his budget to fortifications—most of which will probably be useless.

It Needs a Roof!

"He boasts about his Great Wall in the West as being 200 miles longer than the ancient Great Wall of China and a greater wonder than the Pyramids.

"But the trouble is that his European fortress needs a roof over it if it is to keep out the Lancasters, Mosquitos and Fortresses!

"We have independent evidence, apart from R.A.F. photographs, that the Krupps job is magnificent.

"Tremendous destruction smothered the relief organisations. Mobile labour proved hopelessly inadequate.

Several hundred acres of Essen, most bombed city on earth, are in ruins.

In the "10,000 month" nearly 3,000 tons of bombs fell on the town —almost half the total suffered by vast London in ten months' *blitz*.

After two of the three 1,000-ton raids, 15,000 Krupps workers and 90,000 others on whom the factory indirectly depends lost their place of work or their homes from which they carried on their work.

Many thousands more have since joined them.

Tale of Destruction

For weeks the bulk of Krupps' employees were idle, and no one was allowed to enter Essen without a pass in order to minimise the spread of the tale of destruction.

Bombs falling on a factory are the law-of-averages percentages of what a particular area inside the industrial city gets.

Well, photographs taken after the second 1,000-ton Essen raid showed that in one area three-parts or more of the buildings were obliterated.

In the city's centre, 450 acres were destroyed or damaged—four and a half times the largest single area of destruction in London.

Transport is the second key target suffering heavily by co-ordinated attacks from every angle.

Night bombers pound locomotive-making factories like Krupps and Skoda, where hundreds of engines will never see the rails.

By day Mosquito light bombers, flying at 400 m.p.h., yet delivering as big a load as the *Luftwaffe's* heavies dropped in *blitzing* Britain, fighter bombers and American Fortresses share the strafing of railway yards.

Congestion Grows

To these yards go for repair the locomotives shot up in transit by our cannon fighters. Every month now between 100 and 200 engines are being destroyed or damaged.

The joint result is repair yard congestion, and numerous instances of damage and man-power shortage causing even main lines to remain choked for days on end.

Submarine factories and bases and port installations are the other vital targets in the systematic pattern of destruction.

The American raid on Vegesack was a triumph. Of fifteen U-boat hulls on the slips, some due to launch immediately, seven were almost certainly badly hit and six slightly damaged.

General Eaker assured me that what havoc his bombers were doing now was but a fraction of what they would do when he had a force increased many times before the summer is out.

Helping Russia

Stettin, the Baltic port serving the northern Russian front, is heavily blasted after the concentrated cascade of nearly 300 tons of R.A.F. two-ton "block-busters" it received in forty minutes.

This is more than the amount dropped in an average heavy all-night raid on London, of which Stettin is one-thirtieth the size!

"Bloody, burning, scarred traces" bemoans a Stettin newspaper, "are crossing the German face like strokes of a whip wielded by His Britannic Majesty's pilots.

"It is certainly possible to withdraw the Luftwaffe from the Eastern Front for a counter-blow, but what would be gained if, meanwhile, the decision of the Continental war slipped out of our hands?"

Cold comfort for Stettin!

Berlin's Plight

As for Berlin, in one heavy attack the fire-fighting system largely collapsed and relief brigades were summoned from over a hundred miles away.

Fires were still burning three days later, and telephone exchanges were accepting calls only at ten times the normal rates owing to cable damage.

"There's a limit to what the Ruhr can stand, and it has reached it," cries one German paper.

But two-thirds of the attackers are giant four-engined bombers carrying seven-ton loads there, with their numbers increasing, and the 10,000 tons a month they are helping to deliver is nowhere near the limit!

JOHN CASHEL.

The Ax

Italy is tottering to her fall.
Axis tripod must totter too.
Nations to pre

By A. G

SWIFTLY the slump in dictatorship gathers momentum. Tunis has done for Mussolini what Stalingrad did for Hitler. It has put the seal upon his failure. He is on the floor and he will not rise again.

It is the penalty of the dictator that he cannot survive defeat. If he is not a superman, he is nothing.

Democracy can take disaster and rise triumphantly from it, as we did in 1940. But the dictator must have victory all the way and all the time.

That is what Napoleon meant when he said: "I must dazzle and astonish. If I allowed the freedom of the Press my power would be gone in three weeks."

He meant that dictatorship is founded in lies and illusion and that when the lies are exposed and the illusion is shattered the dictator perishes.

And he does not perish alone. His cause perishes with him.

* * *

That is what has happened in Italy and is happening in Germany. It has happened first in Italy for obvious reasons.

Of all the debts we owe to the genius of Mr. Churchill, none is more conspicuous than this:—

That in the darkest (and "finest") hour of our fate in 1940 he hazarded all we had against the most vulnerable limb of the Axis.

To that strategy he adhered with inflexible constancy, in fair weather and foul and in face of well-meaning but uninformed clamour.

And the result two and a half years later is before us in mighty achievements. Africa is ours. The Mediterranean is ours. The whole southern front of Hitler's fortress is laid bare to attack.

ITALY IS NAKED TO OUR ARMS BY SEA, AIR AND LAND. SHE IS TOTTERING TO HER FALL. AND WITH HER THE AXIS IS TOTTERING, TOO.

With the Italian leg of the tripod crumbling and the Japanese leg remote and isolated, the Axis is disrupted.

The iron ring closes in upon Germany east and west and south and, most devastatingly, from above. Witness the measureless havoc wrought in the great power-house of the Ruhr.

Yes, the Axis is doomed and gangsterism is doomed. They know it in Italy. They know it in Germany.

* * *

How acutely it is realised in Italy is implicit in the facts and declared in the panic that overspreads that country. Her position is indeed desperate.

With a mighty army at her gates, with the sea in enemy hands, with her forts and ships and cities under ceaseless bombardment, she finds herself left in the lurch by the ally who

Axis Tripod Wobbles

with the collapse of one leg the
ow is the time for the United
ome the attack!

GARDINER

has exploited her and in her hour of peril deserts her.

She has no defence in the air. She is hopelessly outclassed at sea. Half a million of her army are prisoners in our hands. Hundreds of thousands more are scattered over the Balkans or are scurrying back from Russia, where they have been mauled in the service of Hitler.

Mussolini himself has admitted in his message to the Senate that the game is up. There is, he says, no adequate army, navy or air force "such as would seem necessary for repelling an invasion."

Italy knows that whatever comes she has lost the war—if not to us, then to Germany; if not to Germany, then to us.

In their despair, her people are indifferent which horn of the dilemma they are impaled on.

All they crave is an end of the war for themselves—a way out of the ghastly impasse in which they are entrapped.

They hate and fear the Germans. They do not love us. How could they? For seven years—ever since the Abyssinian days—not one per cent. of them have heard or read anything but Mussolini's spoon-fed hatred, abuse and slander of this country.

LIKE NAPOLEON, LIKE ALL DICTATORS, HE KNEW THAT IF HE "ALLOWED THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS" OR THE RADIO, HIS POWER WOULD NOT BE WORTH THREE WEEKS' PURCHASE.

Neither puppet King nor pompous Dictator can now see a gleam of hope in the future, for their reckless regime in Italy is plainly doomed to speedy collapse

* * *

And now the game is up, not only for Italy, but also for himself. His Fascist ramp is in ruins. His reputation has gone with the wind.

He has been reduced to handing over the army to Badoglio and Caviglia, the reputable old soldiers whom he has hated and who return his hatred.

With everything lost—including honour—the people are turning from this loud-mouthed bully to the House of Savoy to get them out of the bog in which they are engulfed.

They have rediscovered the poor little King who for twenty years has been tucked away in the bully's pocket and only pulled out to sign on the dotted line when he was told.

He is not an impressive deliverer. Twenty years ago he might have saved Italy from the clutches of the gangster by one whiff of grape-shot which he was advised to authorise.

He failed in that crisis, and, failing, brought Italy to her present ruin. It may be that he will seek refuge in abdication.

The most natural sequel to Mussolini's final overthrow would be a military régime to steer the country over the desperate cataract. No other rule seems immediately possible, for it is the curse of dictatorship that it destroys all opposition and leaves nothing to take its place.

But our concern is not with Italy's internal chaos, but with her war policy under whatever rule is set up.

She has only two courses open to her. Either she surrenders or she fights.

Surrender involves throwing off the German yoke, and that will not be easy. Hitler has dug himself so deeply into the Italian machine that it will be hard to dig him out if he refuses to go.

* * *

But will he refuse to go? If he stays he must fight, and fight to win. That means great armies and vast material supplies. Especially it means enormous air cover.

IS GERMANY IN A POSITION TO PAY THE PRICE? ALREADY SHE HAS HAD RUINOUS LOSSES IN AFRICA. CAN SHE RISK EVEN GREATER COMMITMENTS BEYOND THE ALPS IN ITALY?

Danger threatens her on all sides. Her transport is strained to breaking point. If the Luftwaffe had to be withdrawn from Tunis, is it likely to be restored in greater force for the defence of the Italian mainland? Time will show, but the omens point to Italy being left to fight alone.

In that case, on Mussolini's own admission, she fights with the certainty of defeat and with the nation in disruption and despair.

It is our business to force her to a decision with the utmost speed. We must press home the attack with every arm at our command until she realises that, deserted by her confederate, destruction is imminent and surrender the only way out.

It must be unconditional surrender, whatever Government is in power. But we should make it clear that Italy, purged of gangsterism, will have a future. She is not the enemy that Europe fears. She has been led into evil course by a scoundrel and must take the just consequences.

But surrender will spare her much: the continuance of the war now will make the punishment stern and remorseless.

When Italy surrenders or is destroyed Hitler's dam will be breached and the great waters will do the rest.

Now We Must Widen the Cracks

POLITICAL warfare experts must find out the truth behind the amazing scenes which followed the capture of the German Afrika Korps.

Those thousands of German soldiers who surrendered with frantic jubilation, who laughed and displayed the "V" sign, have no counterparts anywhere in the military history of their country.

* * *

What *is* the explanation? What was the reason for their glee?

Was it just the instinctive reaction of men surprised to find themselves alive after a terrific struggle from which there seemed no chance of survival for them?

Surely not! The ordeal of the Paulus army at Stalingrad was even worse, and yet the divisions that surrendered did not whoop with joy.

Has the morale of the German army so much deteriorated during the past winter?

The Afrika Korps was boosted in Germany as a picked force.

Maybe it was overrated, but it gave on many occasions a pretty good show during the long campaign.

Until the final assault it proved tough and obstinate, launching resolute and fierce counter-attacks in the most critical situations.

Perhaps the best units had wearied of the last six months—with their frequent retreats and a constant hammering by a superior air force, with no ultimate prospect but to die on the battlefield or drown in the Mediterranean.

Moreover, the German forces which surrendered under Von Arnim in Tunisia had become a rather composite army; Rommel's original Nazi units had become mingled in recent months with a politically indifferent mass and with even definitely anti-Nazi elements.

Strange things had previously been reported by Allied war correspondents when the Mareth Line was pierced.

Large groups had then willingly surrendered. They claimed to be either Austrians or Sudeten Germans or even Social Democrats and Communists recently released from concentration camps, put into the army and dispatched to Africa as cannon-fodder.

* * *

Even if the lukewarm Nazis and the anti-Nazis were only a minority, they may have been numerous enough to demoralise the full-blooded Hitlerites who must have felt that they could no longer rely on their neighbours.

Nothing is more contagious in an army than indifference and defeatism.

Above all, the explanation of the German collapse may well be that the Germans had been promised a "Dunkirk," and that when they reached Cape Bon and found no shipping waiting to take them off they realised how they had been tricked.

Germany's allies will eventually suffer as rude a shock.

We must be ready to exploit such disillusion—in the German army as in the minor Axis States.

* * *

Certainly we should beware of premature conclusions. Maybe the new German offensive in Russia or a first Allied landing on the Continent will show a quite different picture, at any rate during the initial stages.

Once again Hitler may succeed (for a while) in pepping up the morale of his army.

But the first cracks are visible. They can and should be widened. It is a problem of what the Americans call psychological warfare.

Among the 175,000 Germans who surrendered there are certainly quite a large number who might be used for that purpose. The Soviet Government would certainly not miss such an opportunity.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

WORST MARRIAGE MART IN BRITAIN

SCOTLAND YARD and the War Office are together taking action as a result of disclosures in these columns a month ago.

They are making sure that certain matrimonial agencies, so-called correspondence and introduction clubs, do not endanger national security.

These clubs have on their books soldiers, sailors, airmen, factory workers and officials in Government offices—people in possession of information that the enemy would very much like to learn.

Sir Philip Game, London's police chief, has taken action

And many of the agencies draw large fees for arranging meetings between civilians and members of the Services.

Often, no inquiries are made about the reputations of their clients!

The dangers are obvious, and I needn't stress them.

In my view, indeed, the Home Secretary should close most of these clubs down—at any rate for the duration of the war.

Worst of them all is undoubtedly the Universal Correspondence Club.

It was formed more than twenty years ago by a man named Bertram Clare. To-day, he is busier than ever.

Until recently his headquarters were in Cambridge Street, Victoria, London, but now he has an address near Ware, Hertfordshire.

His club almost lives up to its title, for its present records contain the names and addresses of thousands of men and women in all parts of the world!

STILL GROWING

Until the war, Clare advertised in Indian, Canadian, Egyptian, Australian and American papers. Though many newspapers in Great Britain have boycotted his advertisements, he still manages to increase his clientèle by announcements in small local publications under the heading of "Lonely?"

It is obvious to me that he makes no investigations about the people who join the club—equally plain that he makes a fine income from the business.

A South Coast widow will regret for all time the day she saw one of Clare's "Lonely" advertisements and paid the initial fee of 10s. to join his Universal Correspondence Club.

Bitterly deceived, her letter to me ends with the words:

"It is time such clubs were wiped out . . . though I am not saying that all the members are alike. But I do think people like Mr. Clare should be careful about them."

TRUE ALLEGATIONS

I have personally checked up this woman's main allegations—and they are true.

Clare introduced her to a man who made love to her and told her endless lies in order that he could live without working.

He admitted he was a married man, but said that he had not seen his wife or child for many years, and would marry her once he was certain it would be legal for him to do so.

She made a home for him and kept him for long periods when he was without a job. Then she found he had ceased to care for her and was seeking fresh introductions with other "lonely" women.

He began to bully her, struck her and, in brief, behaved so abominably towards her that she had to turn him out of the house.

I have discovered that this scoundrel had previously been the subject of complaint in other quarters, and that he has since met and married, at a Dorset Register Office, a Croydon woman, who also met him through Clare, and who was soon forced to leave him owing to his conduct.

In letters written recently to the South Coast victim, this cheat of the Universal Correspondence Club implored her forgiveness and referred in the most casual and callous terms to the Croydon dupe!

But some facts about him are of such a character that I have brought them to the notice of the police. Meantime, for obvious reasons, I must withhold his name.

The Universal Correspondence Club has often been mentioned in court cases involving people introduced to each other by the enterprising Mr. Clare.

In one instance, when sending a criminal to jail for two years for robbing a servant girl, an Old Bailey judge described the prisoner as "a scoundrel who preyed upon young women." This rogue was a member of the "Club."

In another case, a woman was introduced to a man who said he was married, but had not seen his wife for years. He promised to secure a divorce.

After a brief friendship, he suggested that she should live with him secretly until he was able to get his divorce. Foolishly, she consented, and soon regretted her folly.

The poor woman found out gradually that the man had no real intention of marrying her.

She suffered badly at his hands and, before completely disillusioned, had lent him various sums of money.

In the end he vanished.

And about this club I have heard many stories just as sad or sordid!

Clare's real name is Bertram Curtze. Well known in the Brighton district, where he resided for years while running his "club" from London, has been criticised in these columns ever since 1923.

He first attracted our notice when he was connected with a string of mail-order businesses run from a flat in Hammersmith, London.

MASTER AT GETTING FEES

A master at the art of getting fees, he is quick to send a warning letter to clients whose annual subscription is running out, telling them that their names will be erased from his books unless they pay the renewal fee by a stipulated date.

As far back as 1927, JOHN BULL declared that "Legislation is urgently needed to prohibit 'matrimonial' advertisements of every kind and to require the registration and rigid supervision of 'correspondence' and 'social' clubs."

If it were needed then, how urgently it is wanted now!

Certainly the sooner Clare's "club" is closed the better!

BOGUS ADVERTISERS

PEOPLE wishing to keep backyard poultry should not send money in advance to advertising concerns who are not well-known breeders of good repute.

I am constantly receiving complaints from readers who, attracted by announcements offering chicks, ducklings and the like, have sent money to advertisers who either make excuses for not fulfilling the orders or disappear after they have received a few good lucrative postal deliveries.

A typical case is that of a man who sent more than £5 to one advertiser nearly a year ago and still cannot obtain satisfaction. Many inquiries about the firm who had his money are now being lodged with the police.

Several bogus "breeders" have been sent to prison for fraud in taking money in this way.

So, beware!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. STANLEY ELLIOTT, Senhouse Street, Maryport, Cumberland, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are invited about any ramp or scandal. Address Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ANOTHER INVENTION BY KOPELEWITZ

"CHEERFUL NEWS!" is the heading of an unsolicited circular now being distributed by Mr. B. Y. Kopelewitz, of Shandy Street, London, E.1.

This man specialises in something he calls "Kopelewitz's System," and his circulars are addressed to "Housewives, House Owners and Raided Towns."

Their object is to extol the alleged advantages of an invention said to be fireproof, damp-proof, mice- and insect-proof.

Even if it's cold enough for a fire in the house you'll keep warm without one if you employ "Kopelewitz's system." And you'll never feel a draught or see a mouse indoors.

The cost of a "Kopelewitz" secret plaster, affixed to the right spot in the exclusive Kopelewitz manner, brings you all these household delights and many others besides. At least, so you're told.

But my advice to you is send no money to the Shandy Street address until you have first tested this new invention. For many people are not anything nearly so keen on it after use as Mr. Kopelewitz is himself.

Besides, supporters of past Kopelewitz inventions have found them not up to expectations.

The last time I heard of him, soon after the war commenced, was when he was selling a wood-concrete device over which many people burnt their fingers.

Mr. Kopelewitz then obtained some of his capital through an ingenious "write up" in a spurious publication which only came out when somebody was willing to pay for something to go into it!

Nowadays, there are an ever increasing number of alleged household appliances which give nothing like the value promised by their manufacturers or salesmen.

That's why—unless the proprietors are well-known firms—you should always demand a proper "test" before buying.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

"EDEN NEXT PREMIER"—WHY?

● I am asked why Anthony Eden's name crops up every now and then as the most likely next Premier.

This arises, in the first place, out of conversation in the Commons and in newspaper speculation, in the same way as potential Ministers of all kinds are discussed.

Sometimes it is "kite-flying"; but usually it is spontaneous.

Eden, as a result, has been naturally accepted—because there is no apparent competitor in the Tory ranks.

Had there been any considerable objection, other names would have come up. But there were only such remarks as "Who else is there?"

It would be impossible in Britain to put over a leader whose name created antagonism. Here, Governments rule only by consent.

WHAT WILL LABOUR DECIDE?

● Four decisions vital to its future will be made by the Labour Party's conference at Whitsun.

If Herbert Morrison is chosen as treasurer to the Party, this may lead, before long, to his acceptance as Socialist leader. He will be opposed by those who accuse him of dictatorial methods. I cannot guess who will be the choice.

Will the Communists be allowed to join the Labour Party? The answer is almost certainly "No." They are not trusted. They follow decisions made abroad.

Will the "political truce" be ended? Once again, despite the shackling of the Left in the Government, the answer is "No"—unless a miracle happens.

The miracle might be brought about if the Beveridge Plan is discussed first. For it is almost positive that the conference will demand its implementation—and the Ministers are committed to the Government policy of delay.

ARE THE EXPERTS ALWAYS WRONG?

The truth is that some have been wrong and some right, and some both right and wrong.

Lloyd George's phrase, used to me in Marrakesch in 1936, "We are always getting ready for the last war," was true of the experts who, because of trench warfare last time, relied on the Maginot Line and the defensive warfare which intensified the rot in France.

The experts who foretold the destruction of London from the air were wrong. The idolators of the *Luftwaffe* were wrong.

On the other hand, the experts who still proclaimed that sea-power was all-important were right. And it may yet prove that the experts whom we mocked at because they would not make dive-bombers but believed in long-range bombing had as much share in the North African victory as anybody.

Anyway, our experts, whatever their faults, are once again proving that they are not so stupid as the German experts with their fixed rules.

SAGAS of the SUBURBS—No. 1: HAMMERSMITH

By WILL SCOTT

★ *London isn't just one city, but a group of towns spreading across several counties. Each has a life and character all its own, as this new series of short stories amusingly depicts.*

I took him into The Doves, and found a pleasant seat on its balcony overlooking the river, and there he sat, telling me how Hammersmith had altered since he was a boy

MYSTERY of the FIVE MISSING BODIES

IT'S years now since I first met the Wanderer. A nice old boy. At least he seemed old, even in those days; but perhaps only because I was then so young.

A nice old boy, but he would wander from the point. Which is why I called him the Wanderer. I never knew his name.

It was Boat Race Day, just before the last war. The crews had passed and the crowds were moving, and jammed in the middle of them, somewhere on Hammersmith Mall, was I.

I stood, and found myself before long talking to the Wanderer, who'd had a bad day selling postcards of the crews. Talking and listening. And soon listening to a very strange tale.

It was a tale he told me about one of the old houses just behind the Mall, a tall house with lovely balconies and fanlights, but empty at that time and rather in decay.

A strange tale of how, one night long before, six unknown people had gone into that house and never came out, but only one body had ever been found. And he, the Wanderer, had found it.

The mob was becoming thicker.

"Look here," I said, "you'd better come and have one."

And I took him into The Doves, and found a pleasant seat on its balcony overlooking the river, and there he sat and stared past the bridge and said how Hammersmith had altered since he was a boy.

"But about these five bodies," said I.

"I'm telling you, sir," said he.

"Oh," said I. "I thought you were talking about how Hammersmith had altered——"

"There's only one way," he said, "to tell a story."

"Quite," said I.

He took a deep drink.

"The Boat Race," he said, "gets worse every year."

Which seemed to me to be wandering from the point, but I didn't like to stop him again.

He went on. How he had counted the six men going into the Strange House. How that had reminded him of Seven Sisters Road, for some reason, and of how a man he once knew who lived in Seven Sisters Road. . . . And so on.

Getting back on the track and wandering from it, and drinking the pints I bought him, but never getting any nearer—so far as I could see—the explanation of the mystery of the Strange House. Until in the end the crowds thinned and I could wait no longer.

"A very interesting story," I said, rising.

"You haven't heard it," said he.

"Sorry," said I, "but I can't wait any longer."

And away I came, leaving him, with the look of a thwarted man, staring into his glass.

Away I came, and forgot about him.

But in 1920 I was sent out to the Lyric at Hammersmith to "do" *The Beggar's Opera* for a paper, and in the bar during the first interval who should I run into but my old pal the Wanderer, who by that time, of course, didn't know me from Adam.

And before I realised it he was launched on the story of the Strange House behind the Mall and the five missing corpses.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, pretending it was new. "Do you mean they were never discovered?"

"I'll tell you, sir. At Queen Victoria's Jubilee——"

"But about these bodies. The second act will be on in a moment."

He took a deep drink of the beer I had bought him and sighed.

"There's only one way, sir," he said, "to tell a story"

He got as far as opening the door of the Strange House and going in alone with only three matches in his box, but that for some odd reason reminded him of Henry Irving in *The Lyons Mail* and *that* reminded him of the days when Irving used to live in Hammersmith, at Brook Green, and how one day when he was passing Irving's house . . .

I gave it up. He was a nice old boy, but I couldn't wander with him for ever. And when the curtain fell on *The Beggar's Opera* that night I'm afraid I more or less bolted.

I didn't see myself, in one lifetime, able to earn my living *and* listen to the Wanderer's story of the Strange House and its Five Missing Corpses benind Hammersmith Mall.

I bolted, and the years went by, and I forgot that I'd ever met him or tried to listen to his strange story.

But not so long ago I went to Hammersmith again, and it all came back to me and I wondered if he were still alive.

I found many changes in Hammersmith since that Boat Race Day of years ago. Closed in the afternoons was The Doves now. *The Beggar's Opera* was long since gone and with it Sir Nigel, but I found "Nigel Playfair Avenue" by the side of a monster new Town Hall.

I found, too, just behind The Doves, a big bare space where the Strange House used to stand. And I found, on the Mall, more changed than almost anything else in Hammersmith, the Wanderer.

HE was very old. He was bent and shabby. He leant on the wall and looked at the old river—or seemed to be looking at it. His eyes were dim.

I stood by his side and presently he turned.

"I don't suppose you remember me," I said.

"Ought I to, sir?" he asked.

I explained.

"Ah," said he.

"Now listen, old man," I said. "Since we've met again like this you've got to tell me. Twice in days gone by you've had a go at it, but this time you must finish the job. What *did* happen to those five corpses?"

He wiped his old eyes.

"It's a strange world," he said, "and a hard one——"

"Now don't start wandering," I implored him. "Don't start wandering. Leave out Queen Victoria's Jubilee and what you said to old Josh Huffam only the other morning. Get to it! A hard world, you say? Well, look—here's five bob. Now start!"

His old voice trembled. "Five shillings, sir?" he said.

"So cut it short," I said. "Give me the end of your story."

FOR a long time he was quiet, looking at the river. Then he said:

"Don't know it, sir."

"*You don't know it?*"

"Never had to get as far as that, sir. People used to get fed up and walk away. I never had to make that bit up at all."

I let out a long whistle.

"And the pints you've had out of me!"

"Come, sir!" he said. "Aren't you wandering from the point?"

I gasped. I had to.

"Wasn't it *worth* the pints, sir? I mean, wondering all these years. And you can't say you're any better for *knowing*, now can you? Anyway, I've always tried to give value for money."

"Money?"

"Well, it wasn't always pints, sir. Many's the odd half-crown. . . . Oh yes, that story's been a good old standby for me."

I just had to say it. "You old rascal!"

"Rascal, sir?"

He seemed so old and beaten that I patted his shoulder.

"Forget it, old fellow."

"Rascal . . ." he repeated. "I never thought——. Still . . . Yes, I see what you mean, sir. All right."

Something clinked.

"Your change, sir," he said. And he wandered away before I could get over my surprise.

For when I looked, there on the river wall was half a crown.

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT——?

THERE might be something to be said for us if only we'd enjoy scandal and get on with it. But if there's one thing we like better than scandal it's tearing the other fellow to bits for being a scandalmonger.

It's perfectly understandable that you should want to tell everybody you meet that old Jarge, up at Top Farm, has been "a-bashing his wife about again."

Or, if you haven't heard, it's perfectly understandable that you should want the first person you meet who *has* heard to tell you.

But also it seems to be perfectly understandable that when he has told you you should immediately warn somebody else against him as a man who is always tittle-tattling about his neighbours.

Scandalmongering is a most far-flung business. There isn't a man or woman on earth who doesn't like as much of it as he or she can go in for. But there isn't a man or woman who doesn't hate the man or woman who goes in for it.

When you come to think about it, if we didn't talk scandal we just shouldn't talk at all most of the time.

There'd be nothing to talk about.

It isn't always malice that's behind scandalmongering. Mostly, I think, it's a kind of news sense.

When the man at the corner house runs off with the blacksmith's wife you talk about it simply because that isn't the sort of thing that happens every Tuesday.

If it did it would bore you stiff and you'd have to find something else to talk about.

I don't think we can be legislated out of talking scandal. I don't think we can be fined out of it or imprisoned out of it.

There's only about one thing will ever stop scandal in my opinion.

That's for old Jarge to stop a-bashing his wife about.

A. G.

HUMAN MACHINE

BLIND SPOT

Nearly all of us have a blind spot when we look at ourselves. We either see ourselves as we want to see ourselves, or we don't really see ourselves at all.

We just give ourselves a glance, so to speak, and immediately look at someone or something else. In other words, we take ourselves for granted.

There is all the difference in the world between taking ourselves for granted and accepting ourselves for what we are.

The first person is usually a pure piece of imagination. The second is a lump of raw material that can be worked on and shaped and made into something worth while.

Emerson said: "There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion."

It is only then that we can begin to work the miracle that time and time again has proved human beings to be something more than mere physical things, something more even than mere brains in bodies—the miracle that one of the greatest psychologists in the world has called "the human being's power to turn a minus into a plus."

To know, really to know and understand, what we are, what our abilities are, what our capabilities are, what our virtues are *and what our faults are*, is the first essential step towards achieving a sane adjustment between our real selves and our fancied selves.

MONTY'S CONQUERORS

★

By MAURICE FAGENCE

Tales That Will Live for Ever

★ The triumphant onrush of the Eighth Army will live for ever in our history books—and the stories of the men themselves will never die. Here are some of them, told for the first time

The smile of a conqueror! General Montgomery, his stern features relaxing at the end of the campaign, knows how much he owed to the exploits of his men

WHAT stories they will tell—these men of the Eighth Army—when they can roast their toes again at a winter fire!

An R.E. will say: "I was fireman on one of the first trains to follow the Army to Tobruk, and how 'Jerry' pasted us.

"A piece of bomb whistled through our water tank, and we saw the precious water flowing away.

"And what more did my driver do but tear off his clothes, ram them into the hole, and drive that train into Tobruk looking like Venus."

A despatch rider will recall a day when he had to use a truck, because motor-cycles are unusable in the desert.

"I had a liaison officer sitting beside me at the time. We suddenly found we had driven into a 'Jerry' camp.

"Without any ado this officer asked some 'Fritzes' where he could get some petrol for his captured British truck, and we filled up till the stuff overflowed, bunked, and got back with quite a lot of Rommel's petrol to spare."

Many men of the Rifle Brigade will recall the time when they were isolated, with ninety enemy tanks and other armament bearing down on them.

The enemy got within 500 yards of them before there was an order to fire, and then the order came. They let him have it. They knocked out thirty-five tanks.

Just in Time!

At a critical moment their ammunition gave out. An officer got out with a Jeep and brought back four boxes.

Just as he had unloaded it the Jeep went up in splinters.

One gun knocked out three tanks with three shots. Another knocked out two with one shell, which passed through one to hit the other.

And with just four boxes of ammunition they beat this formidable German force and saved themselves.

And some of them will recall what the column commander said to them afterwards: "If the whole lot of you kicked the bucket you'd harass the flanks of Old Nick himself with pitchforks and pokers."

Then an R.E. will certainly describe how an Italian lorry suddenly came careering out of the Italian lines—and how the driver suddenly stopped, smacked his knees, winked and revealed himself as a sergeant of the Leicesters!

An Ordnance artificer will tell of a day when he was repairing a tank as the battle swirled round him.

"We were underneath, and we were so busy that we didn't notice that the noise had died down. Then I looked out and saw a pair of jack-boots.

Bumped into Rommel

"That made me examine the chap a bit higher up, and I saw it was a high German officer. So we all crawled out sheepishly, and lor luv us if it wasn't Rommel."

The artificer was recaptured almost immediately in a counter attack, so that on that occasion, as on several others, Rommel must have come near to capture.

And many an R.A.S.C. driver will tell how, taking refuge in a wadi in a general mix-up, he has seen Italian troops come in, take refuge near him, and then depart again with a sheepish grin.

The stories our Long Range Desert Patrol men will have to recall will fill a library.

One will be of the ambush they prepared for an Italian convoy that was moving up.

At the first few shots the convoy broke up in complete disorder, the vehicles smashing into one another and in some cases running off the road into soft sand.

The drivers didn't seem to appreciate that shells had hit them. Perhaps they thought parts of the convoy's cargo were exploding. Anyhow, in the confusion, our desert patrol men crept up and fixed bombs to their vehicles.

After which they retired into the desert again with the enemy completely in the dark as to what had happened to his convoy, although it was exploding like a jumping cracker.

Airmen's Thrills

These patrol men have had thrills in plenty that await the telling. And yet I think that some of the stories that will thrill us most will be of the many British airmen they found trudging out in the desert, parched, starving, nigh beaten—and how they brought them back to comfort.

And we shall want a good, quiet hour to listen to the many stories of the Fighting Fifth (Northumberland Fusiliers), for they have been with the Eighth Army in all its triumphs and disappointments.

And many of them, I think, will want to describe the exploit of the late Captain J. J. B. Jackman.

"A great fellow," they will say. "At El Duda, when the British right flank was threatened, he rushed up with trucks to cover it just as if he were on manœuvres.

"When he had saved the situation there he heard the left flank was in danger.

"Now there was only one way to get to that other flank. And that was to go between the two armies that were fighting each other.

"As we made that awful journey he stood up in the first truck directing the movements and encouraging us. His face was grim and resolute. His movements were absolutely unperturbed.

"He got us through an awful torrent of fire and secured the left flank as he had secured the right.

Left his Inspiration

"He was killed. No. V.C. was ever more thoroughly deserved than the one that was awarded him. But his inspiration remained with us in many another battle."

Royal Army Service Corps, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Royal Army Medical Corps—they will all have great stories to tell. There are no safe jobs in the Eighth Army.

I will tell just one of the many such stories available to me. It is of mechanics who were repairing forty vehicles in a desert workshop when shots told them they were surrounded.

The enemy rushed in on them from all sides. The fight became a general mix-up. But while some of the mechanics fought, the others were getting the forty crocks started.

Suddenly, still fighting, the crocked transport broke into concerted movement. They had to retreat—but it was a grim, relentless fighting retreat.

And they left behind a sick and smarting enemy, who was sorry he had tackled them.

Twice Dead

Such are just a few of the stories they will tell to their children and their children's children.

Many of them will go into history-books.

For the story of the Eighth Army—the army which the enemy twice said was dead, but which refused to lie down—is one that will live for ever.

QUEEN AT TWELVE

JEAN LOMAS, who was elected last year as England's first "Salvage Queen," has just been voted another year on the throne.

And she's only twelve!

Three years ago, armed with a basket, she began to call on her neighbours in Hyde, Cheshire. She had one stock question: "Any salvage for the war effort?"

The answer was usually favourable. Then someone gave her an old pram, so she took it round instead of the basket to transport her "wares," and thereby found that she could extend the area of her visits.

At the beginning of last year she won the prize for the greatest weight of waste paper collected—874 lb. of it—nearly fourteen times her own weight!

And from May, 1942, to April, 1943, she had collected 15,001 lb. of mixed salvage without any help.

Proudly she thinks that this must be a record. "Beat it if you can," she says to other schoolgirls.

Even grown-ups might find it hard to beat so astonishing a total. But they needn't be discouraged.

After all, every little helps. And most of us still have that "little" left in our lofts, attics and cupboards—stuff which we don't really want but which is needed badly to make the stuff of war.

VOICE

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces! ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SAMPLING life in New York, LA/G. P. Haggerty, R.A.F., tells of glamorous afternoons in a letter to his brother at Brownhill Lane, Longton, near Preston, Lancs:

I have been hitting the high spots ever since I arrived here. Three shows on Broadway, the Coconut Grove, Greenwich Village, Long Island, and yesterday afternoon to see the film "Random Harvest."

I went to the "Stage Door Canteen," where I danced with and was kissed by —Loretta Young!

Still, neither of us regards the matter as serious.

All this round of pleasure has cost me next to nothing, which is just as well, as I arrived in this gay city pretty well broke.

I must now finish off as I am going out to dinner with three United States marines.

CRAZY WEATHER

Serving with the Navy in the Middle East, A.B. G. Snewin goes ashore and runs into a fine sample of weather. He writes to his sister at Station House, Pensford:

Fine weather we're having! It usually starts with a brilliant electrical storm which includes every variety of lightning. Then follows a horrible sandstorm rounded off by a terrific rainstorm.

Last night there was a sandstorm. The sand gets into your eyes, ears, nose and mouth, so you are temporarily blinded and breathless. After an hour the storm ceased as suddenly as it started.

We thought the worst was over. But two hours later it rained—and what rain! To describe it as a deluge would be an understatement. Some of the sand left over from the previous storm came down with the rain in "fine large lumps."

The weather keeps you interested because you never know what is going to happen next. Altogether, I prefer the stuff we get at home.

NATIVE "SPORTS"

Pte. E. Hughes, South Lancs Regt., finds that Indians are good at football and hockey, as he tells a relative at Frenchfield Street, St. Helens, Lancs:

Last Wednesday our company played a native team at football, and the first shock came when I saw them run on the field with bare feet and kick the ball as hard as Lawton, of Everton.

When the match started they simply ran rings round our team, and at the interval were leading by two goals to one.

However, we bucked up in the second half and eventually won the game by three goals to two. But I think we were lucky.

These natives are sports! Last week I saw two Indian teams playing hockey and never have I seen such fast and clever play. Make no mistake about it, these games help towards friendship and understanding.

OF THE TROOPS

SNAKES OR FOOTBALL

With the R.A.S.C. in India, Pte. A. G. Cutter gives a picture of Hindu life in a letter to a friend at Manor Road, Erith, Kent:

No, I am not impressed with this land f mystery, glamour and romance. I refer Blighty.

This morning a native squatted on his haunches beside a small wicker-basket, just outside our tent, and began to play weird music on a bamboo pipe.

The din made a snake's head pop out of the basket.

We have lots of these "snake wallahs" about the place, and some of them stage a double turn by letting a mongoose do battle with the snake.

The mongoose keeps on the move, waiting an opportunity to strike, while the snake keeps darting out its head and striking with its fangs.

Invariably the mongoose wins. When it strikes he moves swiftly, grips the snake at the back of its head—and that ends the fight.

But I prefer watching a game of football.

For all its danger, this sport isn't so exciting as football—says Private Tommy Atkins

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

PAY under National Health Insurance is a scandal. This is my sixteenth week at 18s. a week, following a severe operation. It costs me 5d. a day to go to the infirmary for daily dressings. How do they think we can live on 18s. a week —and who cares?—"Bad Luck," Oldham.

★ ★ ★

Official system of trying to restrict holiday travel by not allowing extra food at resorts hits resident workers hardest. All pleasure travel should be stopped.—J. G. Parry, Old Colwyn, N. Wales.

★ ★ ★

Isn't it time British counties were extolled in song? I am tired of Deep in the Heart of Texas or Idaho!—"Fed-up," Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Putting household linen goods on coupons discriminates unfairly between single and married women. Why not a separate coupon book for household linen?—Mrs. E. M. Wood, Bury Park Road, Luton.

★ ★ ★

I work in a council office. A big firm sent in twenty-six official forms of one kind accompanied by twenty-six *identical* covering letters and twenty-six metal paper clips—when one form and one covering letter would have done. Government Departments are not the only wasters."—"S. S. H.," Manor Park, London, E.12.

★ ★ ★

Each week workers are convicted for looking or having matches inside an explosives works. They usually get off with a fine! They should be imprisoned for endangering the safety of others.—J. Macdonald, Ayrshire.

GOOD TITLE

Troops in India also get a bit of "weather." Here is L.A.C. H. Pye, R.A.F., writing to his parents at Devonshire Road, Hornchurch, Essex:

Last week we went to the new picture house which has been erected in the camp. Unfortunately, a heavy wind and rainstorm blew in the sides and the roof off our cinema during the first ten minutes of the show.

The following night the show started again, and so did the wind and the rain! The roof of our palatial cinema is of canvas and the sides of bamboo lattice-work, so the rain soon came through.

But this time the show went on—and we sat in our mackintoshes watching a film called "Rain"!

All we want now is a film to be shown called "Gone With the Wind," and then we expect our nice new picture house to be blown away!

CLEANING UP

In the Near East, Gnr. S. Richardson, R.A., finds that washing day has its problems. He writes to his mother at Midland Avenue, Chorlton, Manchester:

I have just finished doing my laundry: two shirts, towels, hankerchiefs, socks and a few odds and ends. Trust me to pick on a wet day for my washing —it was a devil of a job to get them dry, fetching the things in and out between the showers.

You'd laugh to see me doing my "smalls" in an old petrol tin; but it's surprising how clean we get our clothes without any soap-flakes.

IN THE BAG

Serving at 31 General Hospital in North Africa, L./Cp. W. E. Naylor, R.A.M.C., chats about mislaid "tape" and a concert party to his mother at Capthorne Road, Bradford:

My pal and I have been in the concert party for three weeks doing a comic cross-talk act, and—for all my modesty—we are very popular comedians. The sisters think we are great, and the patients don't complain.

We work up topical news items into our patter, and our latest "gag" is "You've had your whack!" which has spread as fast as Enoch's "Let me tell you!"

This week we are booked to play before some Allied troops, so we are treating it like a Command Performance and are determined to make it good. Those E.N.S.A. people will be jealous!

Sorry to say that my second "tape" has not come through yet, and I can't think that tape is all that scarce. But don't worry my second stripe is in the bag—I hope!

DARK EVIDENCE

BY their devilish deeds they're known, by the Nazi creeds they've sown, by the cruelties contrived and by the innocents they've knived. By their self-appointed power, by their shadow on pride's tower, by their blasphemies and their boasts, by their satanic jests and toasts.

BY their hate of humanity, by their inverted philosophy, by their arrogant prophecies and by their tyrannical decrees. By their energy misplaced, by their talents crime-disgraced, by their façade of dignity and by their mad autocracy.

BY their treacheries and lies, by their Judas-appointed spies, by their destruction and disdain and by their worship of the profane. By their insidious subtleties, by the blood on their filthy feet, by their fanatical lust for Force and by their steel rein on the willing horse.

BY their faculty for dread, by their contempt of the sick and dead, by their disregard of Grace, by their coarse laughter-twisted face. By their frightful Godless creed and by the self-poison on which they feed. By these things they will have to stand when Death gives the Last Command.

J. M.

★ If you are in doubt write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

Young but tough, he faces the juvenile court brazenly. Another casualty of the moral upheaval caused by war!

THERE'S A CRIMINAL LYING LOW IN EVERYONE, BUT—

DEEP down within the most law-abiding citizen there lurks the potential criminal; hence the need for police and prisons.

Within the most civilised man there hides the primitive savage; hence the need for our codes of behaviour and good manners.

In normal circumstances, we keep the old Adam under control, but in war time he is liable to break out.

I get letters about these subjects every day of the week. Here's one:

I have had two nasty shocks lately. My eldest boy had to appear in the juvenile court for stealing goods from a shop. What possessed him to do such a thing I can't imagine. He did not need them and he always has pocket money. There were several other boys in the gang, and I suppose they did it out of deviltment.

Then a woman I know well—she was at school with me years ago—was had up for shop-lifting. She is far better off than I am and did not need to steal.

I felt ashamed to meet her afterwards, but she was quite brazen about it. Fortunately she got off with a fine because it was a first offence.

What I want to know is whether I ought to tell my husband about young Tom? He is in the Forces, serving in Africa, and I know it would upset him because he has always been so dead honest himself.

My friend's husband is out there with him, but I know it isn't my place to tell tales about her carryings on.

People blame the pictures and boys' "bloods" for the increase of pilfering that goes on. They also blame the temptations of the open store and the coupon system.

But I think the real explanation lies in my first few lines—the relaxing of standards in war time—and this applies to all our morals. In the last war we heard a good deal about "scrounging" in the Army. That is probably the mildest form of theft, while looting is probably the worst.

Little wonder that children pilfer when adults set them such a bad example! I don't advise the writer to inform her husband of the boy's delinquency. Why worry him when he is so far away and so powerless to help?

EXCEPT for black marketeers and others who are benefiting out of the war, we shall all be thankful when the ghastly business is well and truly over; but I have heard of one reader—a single woman—who will be sorry for a creditable reason. This is what she says:

A friend of mine took a boy evacuee from the Channel Islands. His father and mother were left behind and are still there. This friend has always longed for a son, but God never blessed her with one till this boy came into her life.

He was very delicate when he first came, and she has spent pounds on specialists before his health was restored. She made a complete fool of herself—and the boy—by her doting care of him and I told her so. She told me that she loved the lad so much that she was dreading the end of the war when he would go back to his parents. She doesn't know what she will do without him.

How many other foster parents feel the same way? What of the children themselves? This boy's parents could never afford the luxuries and the advantages that my friend and her husband could give him. Humanist, you must admit these are real post-war problems.

They certainly are. There are town-bred women who will be ready to dance for joy when they can leave the country and resume their former life, but there are town children who enjoy the country life so much that they will never want to go back.

There will be some sad partings. These personal problems cannot be dealt with by the Government. Families will have to settle them among themselves. In any case, children can always regard foster parents as unofficial uncles and aunts and spend part of their holidays with them if they wish.

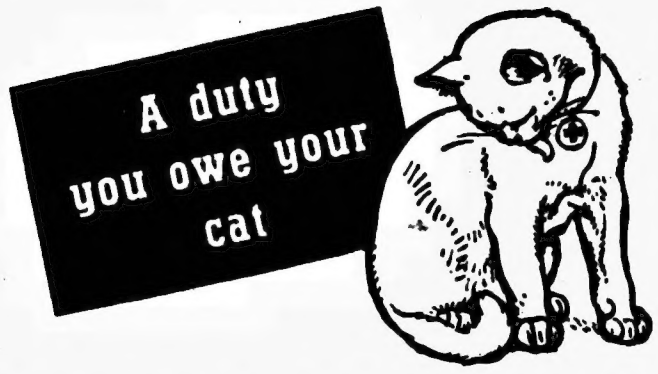
A YOUNG man of seventeen is worried because he is not keen on outdoor sports. He writes:

My problem is this: Any friends I make are always very nice to me until they see that I don't go in for sports. Then their attitude becomes contemptuous and I am left out. I am not helped by the fact that I am very short and can never stand up to bullying and fighting.

The girls seem to look down on me for this reason, and this is giving me a bad inferiority complex. Please help me. I don't think I can keep it to myself any longer.

If he does not care for muscular exercises, he can go in for music, drama, literature, politics, arts and crafts of many kinds.

The ability to shine in sports is often despised. Many years ago Kipling had something strong to say about the "muddied oafs and flannelled fools" who make such a mess in public affairs.



By enrolling your cat or dog on the Narpac Animal Register you safeguard them against *everyday* risks as well as the hazards of wartime. Here are the benefits. STREET ACCIDENTS: Narpac pay Veterinary fees incurred. LOSS OR STRAYING: Narpac arrange for safe return of pet. AIR RAIDS: Narpac activities include rescue of all animals, free housing and treatment, evacuation to new home—for which services Narpac has Government recognition and support.

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POST THIS to the Narpac Animal Register, Bond Street House, Clifford Street, London, W.1, or hand it to your nearest Narpac Depot.
I enclose.....shillings as Annual Subscription. Please send Identity Disc(s) for ..... dog(s) ..... cat(s). Subscription: 1/- a year (stamps or postal order) for each animal.

NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss).....
IN CAPITALS PLEASE

ADDRESS.....

.....
J.B

Issued by the National A.R.P. for Animals Committee; registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

LAST LAUGH

P. N. (Penge).—"When I receive income tax forms I just laugh." Is this wise? If the Inland Revenue people get to hear of it they may clap on Entertainment Tax, too.

G. N. (Iver).—"I am interested in old-fashioned scented plants." From a horticultural standpoint, or are you a shareholder in a gas-works?

PSYCHOLOGIST (Kew). — "A mirage is really a sub-conscious memory and can be experienced in other places than the desert." There was the extraordinary case of the City man who dropped into a slight coma after an austerity lunch and imagined he had had a mixed grill.

D. L (Luton). — "It is planned for the future medical service of the nation to bring Harley Street diagnosis and treatment within the reach of everybody." So all a potential patient has to do is to catch something expensive.

K. (Liverpool). — "Goebbels' handwriting is said to be illegible." Nevertheless, he is a Doctor of News—not Medicine.

T. T (Iver). — "A Rome broadcaster says that Italian submarines don't waste torpedoes." Not now, anyway. It is realised that Malta is unsinkable.

C. T. (Amersham).—"In my study I have enough material for a big book of memoirs." You mean you have a full inkpot?

S. A. (Preston).—"What possible excuses could Hitler proffer if he invaded Sweden and Switzerland?" Well, he could always say it was in the interests of European peace because he had learned that they were about to declare war on each other.

D. S. (Sutton).—"A garden keeps a man out of mischief." You may be right. But the first one didn't.

R. M (Clacton).—"Men's socks are to be shorter." When sitting down the adjustment of the trouser leg so that the suspender does not show will require what the B.B.C. call a technical hitch.

FLO (Tring).—"When I was doing film work my favourite hobby was hiking." Did you ever walk out of a picture?

S. W. (Wembley).—"My wife wanted £1 to spend at a beauty parlour, and I gave her £2." Now, was that tactful?

L. D. (Bromley).—"Gardening helps to brighten up your wits." When we start it just brightens up the neighbouring wits.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

The beef and chicken's off. There's some very nice "Hash a la Camp," "Spam Americaine," or, "Stew de Nissen Hut"

'Side-Slips

THE NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"SWEETS and patrols were carried out without loss. . . ."

WESTERN DAILY PRESS AND BRISTOL MIRROR:—"Tins of meat and fish will last for TROUBLE this time. . . ."

CHRONICLE AND MERCURY: "The first prize of a bull calf, given by Miss A——— was WORN by E. W———."

NORTON PARISH CHURCH MAGAZINE:—"The clergy will be grateful if parishioners will kindly notify them of cases of THICKNESS where their visits would be welcomed."

DAILY SKETCH: —"One young woman, Miss D——— owes her life to a sailor, who grabbed her by the hair and DECK."

Paper-hang Hitler!

Paper contributes vitally to the war effort. It goes to the making of bombs, shells, cartridges and hundreds of needed items of battle equipment. Every pound of paper saved is a blow at the Axis!

What do I do...?

I never slacken off my efforts to salvage paper and cardboard. I put by every scrap except *very* greasy paper, which I use for lighting fires.

I turn out all old bills and receipts, all surplus wrapping paper, and any old letters or magazines to swell the paper salvage total.

I keep all paper dry and separate from other salvage, and put it out regularly for collection.

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

DO YOUR TEETH LOOK LOVELY, TOO?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Make the Tongue-Test . . . run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? It collects stains, makes teeth look dingy, unromantic. Change to Pepsodent, for only Pepsodent contains Irium — the super-cleanser that flushes film away. Use it regularly and make sure your teeth look lovely too!

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TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

PEPSODENT

GREATEST OF THESE

● "I am an ex-Serviceman of the British Expeditionary Force discharged medically unfit in August, 1940," writes Henry Wilson.

His health and sight are so bad that the only job he could secure was that of night watchman at a wage of £2 17s. a week. On this pittance he tries to support his wife and five children under fourteen. The children have been ailing since January, and the baby fourteen months old is now suffering with a severe attack of bronchitis.

Mrs. Wilson is delicate, and with such a young family to look after is unable to go out to work to add anything to the family budget. Rent and insurance take 12s. 6d. every week, and now the parents are worried how to pay their doctor's bill of £2 12s. 6d.

Is there need to say more than to ask our sympathetic readers to send donations earmarked "Watchman," or for our General Fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions from donations to our fund, all administration expenses being borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £100—'BULLETS' 1,374

W. H. Dormer, 35, Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield, Staffs., for this "Bullet":—

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HITLER, WHEN WE'D "PEA-SHOOTERS."

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Whitehall Moved And—Forms Increased—Chairs Multiplied.

£10: E. J. Chapman, 60, Selsdon Rd., Cricklewood, N.W.2.
What Marriage Meant—"Skipper"—"Mate"—Probably "Ratings"!

£5: J. R. Jones, 33, Walton St., Hull.
One Long Finger—Cape Bon—Victory's "Pointer."

£4: C. H. Lawdham, 22, Twyford Court, London, N.10.
Whitehall Moved And—Montgomery Received Firework Notice!

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A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,500 Merit Awards have also been posted.

7 BIG CHEQUES WON IN XWORD 326

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A. |

Venereal VD Diseases

This is an extract from one of the many letters received by the Central Council for Health Education. Permission has been given by the writer to use this extract.

"I was too frightened"

I am now 24, I do not excuse myself, but when I was 19 . . . and I contracted gonorrhœa. I was one of a very respected family in a small town and I was too frightened to see the doctor and in the end I thought the condition had cleared up . . .

Recently I got married and I should never forgive myself if I infected [illegible] *wife. Also, I appreciate that I might even be sterile, but I want to know if any children we had would be affected. Do you advise further treatment? . . . . I cannot describe how much this has worried me. I must put my mind at rest.*

The Doctor replies:

"You are right to ask these questions because the worry can be almost as harmful as the disease itself. You were very young when you felt that sense of shame which prevented you from going to a doctor. That was of course a great mistake. If you had gone at once you would have saved yourself all this worry. You must now go to a clinic, at the address I will give you, and make certain. Tell the Doctor at the clinic everything and he will advise you. He will also tell you what to do to avoid risk to your wife and any children you may have."

Further extracts from the Doctor's correspondence will be published later.

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the local Health Department or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, Dept. of Health for Scotland and the Central Council for Health Education. (VD.5-27)

£500 EXTRA CASH for XWORDS!

Xword No. 326 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

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4 ORDINARY, INEXPENSIVE PIANO MAY WELL BE HIGHLY THIS	U N E D			
5 REMINDERS WHAT GREAT MANY PEOPLE REMEMBER ONLY	A R I			
6 IS OCCASIONALLY TWEEDS ON PLANE	C E			
7 STORMY PASSAGE MAY WELL BE DUE TO	B I G T			
8 PROSPECTORS HOPE often COUNT FOREIGN METAL IN	V I N			
9 GET BELOW THE SURFACE AND YOU MAY EXPOSE	L I A			
10 THERE'S often LOT OF GARDEN AS	S H W			
11 WOULD INTIMIDATE THE MAJORITY OF MEN	U R Y			
12 THERE ARE FOLK WHO TIED IT MARRIED TO CLOSE CHANGE TO PROXIMITY OF	L I N			
13 A SORT OF THIS KIND IS SELDOM SEEN ON ROAD-SIDE TABLES	B A O N			
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Signed .....

Address .....

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8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of Tournament £500, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bulletsor 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest, to appear in "John Bull" dated June 26, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES £200 BULLETS for 2 3 4 WORDS!

£50 1st PRIZE £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 25 BIG 4lb FRUIT CAKES

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, June 18.

ALEXANDER'S BAND
WHAT WE CAN DO
IN SUNNY ITALY
BIG GUNS
TRIUMPH OF CO-OPERATION
WAR-TIME NECESSITY
WORTH WAITING FOR
UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER
MOTHER SMILED AND
MAGIC WORDS

BULLETS 1,374 RESULT appears on page 14.

RISING TO THE OCCASION
MAN OF THE MOMENT
FOOD SUPPLIES
THE EVER-OPEN DOOR
HEALTH IS WEALTH, SO
FATHER'S PHOTO
SHATTERED HIS MORALE
OUT THEY WENT AND
SHIPWRECKED
AT THE SERGEANT'S WEDDING

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" as usual.

DELIGHTED THE .....
DAY OF .....
POINTS TO .....
QUEUEING UP FOR .....
AHEAD OF .....
NOTHING LIKE .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 19.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, June 7
1,378

Signed .....
Address .....

327 CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,378—or Xword No. 328, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Mother! Give Constipated Child 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative, and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without griping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/- and 2/6. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

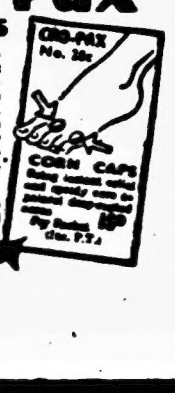
The World's worst CORN banished by CRO-PAX

No more "sore feet" with CRO-PAX. 30 different foot-aids to choose from.

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS

Scientifically designed Cro-Pax foot-aids bring instant relief. From 4d. to 1/- each. Obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites, all Chemists and all Woolworth's Stores.

SPLENDOR LTD., Nottingham and London



DON'T BE DECEIVED BY THE SQUANDER BUG!

There's a Squander Bug lying in wait for you at your Savings Bank. If you're one of those with a nest-egg put by for happier times, he'll be after you. You must squash the little blighter . . . Let your Savings stay put, where they're doing a war job and earning good interest too! Add to them week by week.

Open a Savings Bank account in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank with a deposit of 1/- and upwards. Interest at the rate of 2½% per annum. Your money will be safe. It is readily available if needed, and will be helping the war effort so long as it remains on deposit.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

ACID FUR

DETECT IT THIS WAY:

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling? That's acid fur, staining and spoiling your teeth; *acid fur*, the hidden enemy which starts decay.

RID TEETH OF ACID FUR

Many things you eat cause acid to form in the mouth, and acid fur is the result. To get rid of this acid fur, you must use an antacid toothpaste. 12,000 dentists know that the most effective antacid is 'Milk of Magnesia.' They recommend their patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the only toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Rid your teeth of acid fur before it ruins them. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and use it night and morning.

Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d.

Return empty tubes to chemist.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

Lacings and Buttons were *Great Grandma's* mainstays . . .

PATENT FASTENERS, ELASTIC and other such handy things were quite unknown to Great Grandmamma. All the same she managed very nicely, so let's see if her methods won't help now

Knit to make a bodice fit. For elasticity and "give" in making (or re-making) underthings for a growing girl, knit a panel to go under each arm. Use a plain garter stitch in wool or cotton. And knit inch-wide bands to renew your suspenders when the elastic fails; attach the old grips.

Eyelets worked ready for lacing

Instead of Patent Fasteners use Lacings or Buttons. Great grandmamma worked little eyelets and ran ribbon or cord criss-cross through them. You could do this on the side opening of a frock or skirt.

How to buttonhole round the eyelet

How to make Eyelets. *First mark circles in pairs on each side of the opening with tiny running stitches. Punch holes with scissors' points, then enlarge with a small round pencil. Work buttonhole stitch round each hole, as shown in diagram; for very small holes alternate stitches without knots.*

White shoes are scarce — keep yours white with
BLANCO
WHITE CLEANER
4d TUBE
7d BLOCK
7½d BOTTLE
Warning Joseph Sykeving & Sons Ltd., Sheffield, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners can be called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

I am tons better taking Phosferine

"I am 52 years of age and am working in a workshop which is continually blacked out. The strain of long hours in artificial light was beginning to tell on me, and a friend recommended Phosferine. I tried it and I am tons better and can feel the good of taking Phosferine. I shall always praise it to my friends."

(*Sgd.*) M.W.S.

Whenever you feel things are becoming a bit of a strain, do the sensible thing and take a dose or two of Phosferine. It will buck you up, put new life into you. Ask your chemist for Phosferine today.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size) *(Including Purchase Tax)*

2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A WELCOME WARTIME DISCOVERY . . .

CADBURYS

Cadburys Blended Chocolate is part way between milk chocolate and plain chocolate. Blended Chocolate contains a proportion of *separated* milk. Fresh, full-cream milk is not now available for chocolate. Cadburys Blended will be greatly welcomed by those who like a mild and smooth chocolate. *Supplies, as of all other chocolate, will of course be limited. So, remember the children!*

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